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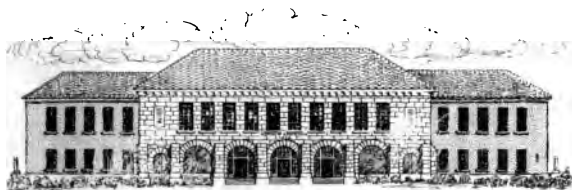
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THE GREAT WEST.

BY MARA L. PRATT, M. D.

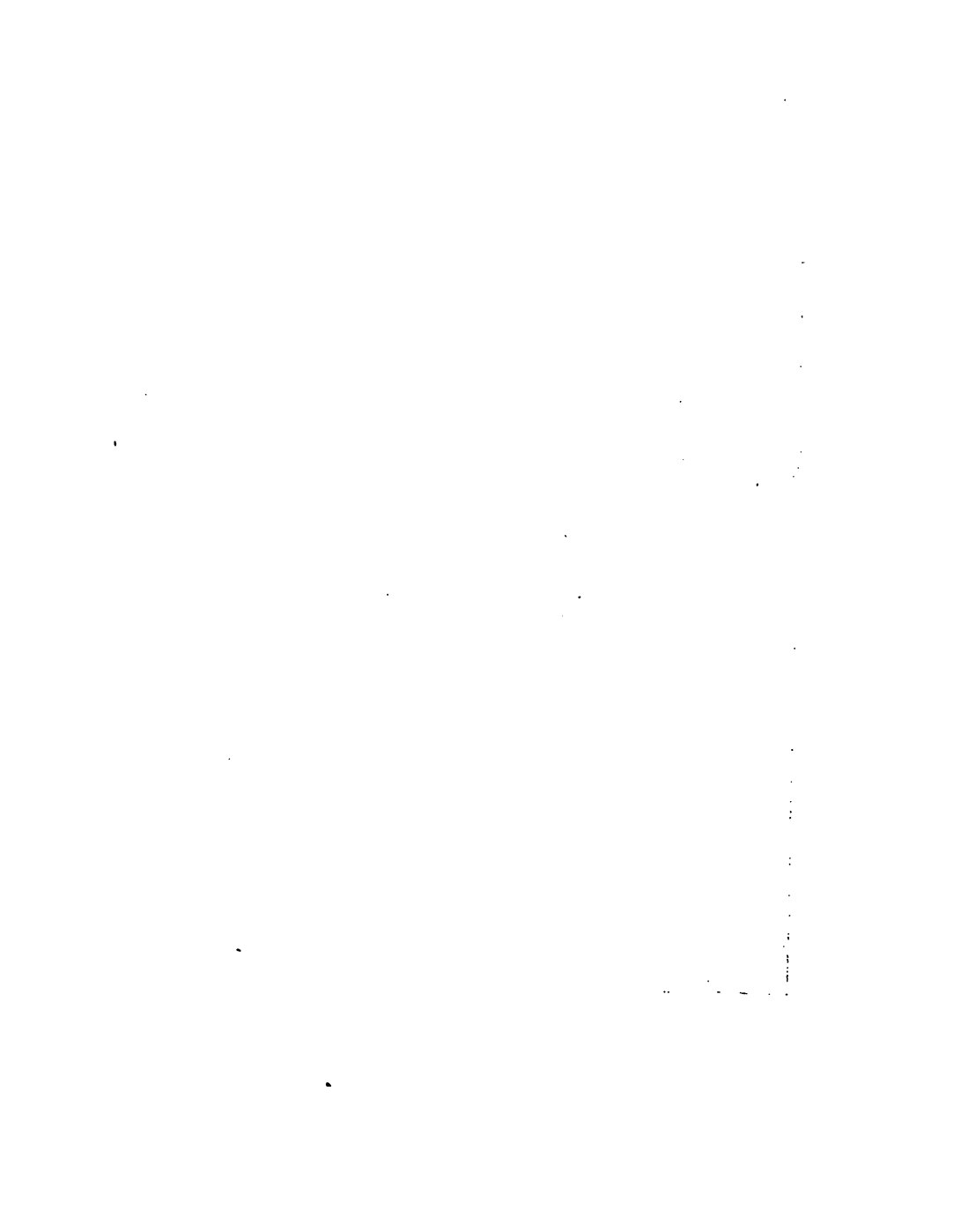
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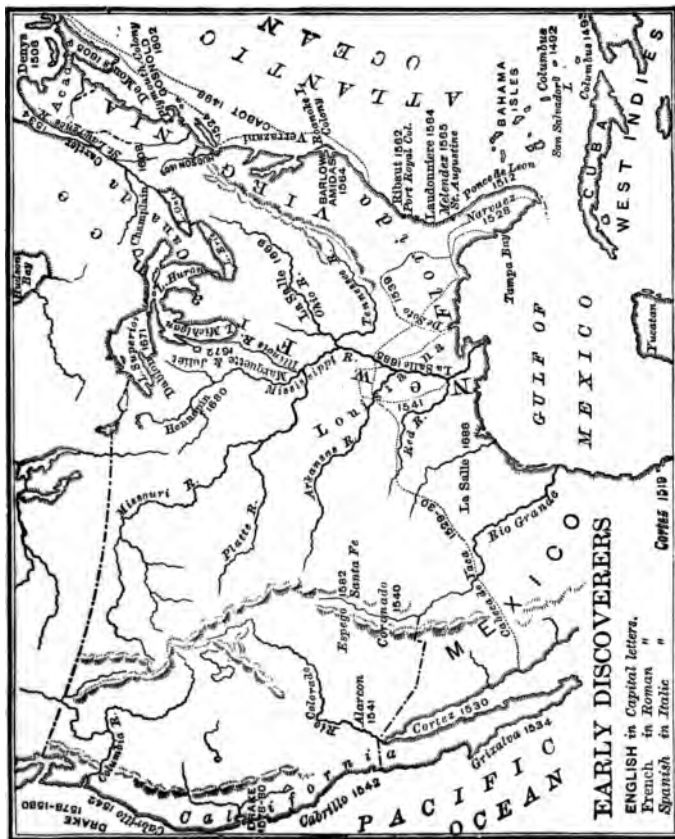
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THE GREAT WEST.

PEOPLE who never travel away from their own homes are very apt, we are told, to think of their village, their town, their city, as the one great and important spot upon this earth.

In these days of books and newspapers, one does not grow quite so narrow-minded as that, I think, even if he does "forever stay at home." Still, we need to be wide awake and generous, quick to see, and willing to hear, or we might wake up some day, and, like old Rip Van Winkle, find a world grown up around us of which we had not dreamed.

It is, of course, a grand thing to be loyal to one's own state; to love it a little better than any other state; and to always "stand up" for it, and never allow it to be slandered in one's presence.

Did you ever hear of the Michigan boy who, after listening for an hour or more to the boasting of a Massachusetts boy, said, "Now you just let up, you young Yankee. I'd just like you to understand that we've got ponds out our way that are big enough to float the whole state of Massachusetts, and leave room round the edges for all the states about her."

The Michigan boy was not quite elegant in his language, perhaps, but he had the right spirit; and we can excuse language, sometimes, when the spirit is right.

I once heard a Boston boy—a little fellow in knickerbockers—fly up in defense of his city, much to the amusement of his New York uncle, who had been bothering him about the narrow, crooked streets. "I don't care if the streets are narrow; and I don't care if they are crooked. Did n't our men fight in 'em? an' did n't they lick the British?"

But in being proud of our own part of the world, we need not fancy that other parts have not just as much of beauty, just as much of usefulness,—that there are not just as noble men and women, just as bright, wide-awake boys and girls as there are in our own.

Now, there is the "Great West," as our geographies call it. Let us take a journey out through that country and see

if it is great; and, if it is, then in what respect it is great. We eastern people, as we delight to call ourselves, are so apt to pride ourselves on our "first settlements," our "early history," and our "brave forefathers," that we sometimes forget that over toward the setting sun is a great, broad, beautiful Wonderland.

New England is a little older, to be sure; that is, it was settled a little earlier. But what of that! If Europe had happened to be on the Pacific instead of on the Atlantic coast, then California would have been settled first; and New England,—well, who knows? There might never have been any New England. I am afraid that if those old Puritans, sturdy and hardy as they were, had landed upon the beautiful, sunny shores of California, and had breathed in the warm, fruit-laden air, they would have been quite content to settle there, caring nothing at all for our wonderful "Plymouth Rock."

So let us leave our brave old state, dear as she is, and like broad, generous readers, journey into this Western Wonderland.



MOUNDS.

THE MOUND BUILDERS.

IF the people who lived in this country before white men came had only left some written history, there would have been a record of the Great West as wonderful and as grand as any records of early Europe or Asia.

That the country was settled hundreds and hundreds of years before white men came, is proved in many ways. Vases and ornaments, axes and knives, have been found far down in the earth, beneath trees which must of themselves be hundreds of years old.

We do not know who these early people were, where they came from, or what language they spoke. But we do know that, whoever they were, they were industrious and skillful, and that they left behind them wonderful works.

The mounds these people left are, perhaps, the most wonderful. It is because so many of these mounds are to be seen through the West, that the people who built them have been called "The Mound Builders." One of the oddest of these mounds is to be seen in Adams County, Ohio.

It is built in the shape of a great snake, thousands of feet long. You can plainly trace the head, the long body,—if, indeed, you can speak of a snake's body,—and the tail, which is coiled like a sailor's coil of rope.

In the mouth of this snake is an egg-shaped mound, which is, of itself, one hundred and sixty feet long.

Sometimes these mounds are in the shape of animals, sometimes they are in the shape of men; sometimes there are many little round mounds at equal distances apart; sometimes there are many long, straight ones arranged in a line, or placed side by side. There are some very high mounds, with steps cut in the sides reaching to the top; some have chambers within them; some seem to have been used for great fires. Often they are made of brick, or of stone, which proves that these mysterious people must have known something about machinery, and such things as civilized people know about to-day.

Many of these mounds are in perfect squares, or circles, or ellipses; and from that we learn that they must have known of form, and must have had ways of measuring and reckoning.

These mounds are found here and there up and down the Mississippi; and in Ohio alone there are hundreds of them.

These people knew about mining, too ; for, near Lake Superior, in one mine there is a great mass of copper weighing nearly six tons. They must have had some kind of powerful machinery in these mines, for this mass of copper is raised from the bottom of the mine and is supported on great logs.

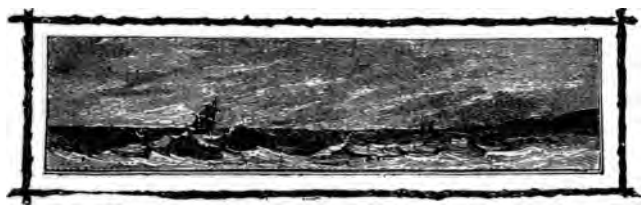
Who could these people have been? Were they the great-great-great-grandparents of the present American Indians? It hardly seems likely ; for they and the present Indians are so very different. Excepting one particular tribe living in New Mexico, the Indians are all very wild and ignorant, showing no such skill and industry as these early people possessed.

It seems, now, as if it would remain forever a mystery who these people could have been.

T. W. Higginson, who wrote the charming *Young Folks' History of the United States*, says of them :—

“They may have come from Asia, or have been the descendants of Asiatics accidentally cast on the American shore. Within the last hundred years, no less than fifteen Japanese vessels have been driven across the Pacific Ocean by storms, and wrecked on the Pacific coast of North America ; and this may have happened as easily a thousand

years ago as a hundred. It is certain that some men among the Mound-Builders had reached the sea in their travels; for on some of their carved pipes there are representations of the seal, and of the manati, or sea-cow, — animals which they could only have seen by traveling very far east or west, or else by descending the Mississippi to its mouth. We know neither whence they came nor whither they went. Very few human bones have been found; and those had nearly crumbled to dust. We only know that the Mound-Builders came, built wonderful works, and then made way for another race, of whose origin we know almost as little as we do of these."



AMERICAN INDIANS.

WHILE some discoverers were searching up and down the Atlantic coast, others were pushing on into the Great West, as we now call it, — some for the pleasure of discovery, others for trade. There they found, as they had on the coasts, tribes of copper-colored people, living in wigwams, and busying themselves with hunting and fishing.

The copper-colored people had high cheek-bones, small, shining, black eyes, and coarse, straight, black hair. They called themselves by all sorts of odd names; indeed, their whole language seemed odd enough to the white men. They had no written language except their picture writing, so that it was very hard work to learn to talk with them. There being no books, the white man could only remember the words they gave him, as well as he could by sound. Sometimes these words, because of the faulty memory of the white man, became very much perverted, — so much so that I doubt if the Indians themselves would have recognized

them. For example, one point of land on the southern shore of Lake Superior, which the Indians called Sha-ga-waum-ic-ong, has had its name so made over in the course of years that it now stands as Chequamegon. Would the Indians of those times of discovery recognize that name now, do you think, if they heard it ?

It is said that among the Algonquin Indians, there were in their language no sounds of f, l, q, r, v, x, or z, so that any word claimed as an Indian word, having in it any of those sounds, is surely not an Algonquin word, and very likely not a true Indian word at all. For example, Minwaukie, when it came to be used by the French, whose language is so full of the smooth, liquid sound of l, was very soon changed into Milwaukie.

I hardly think you would care to learn the Indian language, but let us take just one lesson in it. I'm sure you will be amused to learn what the names of some of our states, and rivers, and lakes mean in real Indian language.

But before we do that, I want, just here, before it slips my mind, to speak of the pretty way these Indians had in naming their babies. These Indians did not know very much, judging their education from the things we are so proud to know to-day; but they had many beautiful and fanciful

notions in their heads after all. They loved their forests and the beautiful flowers; they loved the warm sun and the beautiful pale moon; they dreamed of a heaven of rest away off in the great, blue sky; they spoke tenderly of the bright land of the "setting sun"; and they were ready always to see the Good Spirit in the gentle breezes and in the smiling waters.

But the baby names! No Baby Mays or Baby Beths, perhaps; but other names quite as dear, no doubt, to the babies' mothers and fathers.

When the baby had reached a certain age, he was taken from the wigwam and carried out into the open country. The first object which seemed to attract the baby's notice gave to him its name. Very carefully did the parent watch the baby's face, for there was a belief that the name would some way influence the baby's future. So we find among these Indians, names like Big Turtle, Great Wolf, and Laughing Water.

The names of their towns, and the names of the rivers and mountains had meanings, too. Here are a few of these names, many of which, I am sure, are very familiar words to you.

INDIAN NAMES.

ARKANSAW, a town in Wisconsin. Named from a tribe of Indians who made a very superior sort of bows for shooting. Hence they were called "*arc kansas*," or, in our language, "*bow Indians*."

ANAMAKEE, a county in Iowa. The Indian word for *thunder*.

ANOKA, a town in Minnesota ; meaning a "busy place."

ANAMOSA, a town in Iowa ; from the Indian word Anamosh, meaning a dog.

CHEBANSE, a town in Illinois ; meaning Little Duck. Named in honor of an Indian chief of that name.

ISHPEMING, a town in Michigan ; meaning "High-above-Heaven."

KICKAPOO, a town in Illinois ; meaning "the ghost of an otter."

KOKOMO, a town in Indiana ; meaning "wise like an owl."

MANITOBA, a lake of the Northwest; meaning "Spirit-voice."

MANITO, a town of Illinois; the Indian name for the "Great Spirit," or God.

MINNEHAHA, a water-fall in Minnesota; meaning "Laughing water."

MILWAUKEE, a town of Wisconsin; meaning "good earth."

MISIPPI (Mississippi) means "Father of Waters."

NOKOMIS, a town in Illinois; meaning "grandmother."

OHIO, meaning "how beautiful."

YANKTON, a town in Dakota; meaning "People of the spirit lakes."

WISCONSIN, meaning "strong current."

These are very few of our geographical Indian names; but perhaps they are all you will care to hear about at one time. Now that you find these names do have some meaning, why not, as you come upon new ones in your study of geography, try to learn their meanings and why they were given? Very often there is an odd little legend connected with the name of a town or state that would help you to remember it forever.

INDIAN LEGEND OF THE BEAR.

WE are apt to think of the Indian of these times as a mere savage animal given only to eating, drinking, hunting, fishing, fighting, and scalping.

Very true: this was, perhaps, what they seemed always to be doing; and it is altogether likely the white man found it quite all he could do to keep out of the way of their arrows and tomahawks, and so had little time, and less desire, to look very closely into their lives to see what might be there.

The Jesuits, who went among them to live, and who studied into their history and their legends, learned that, savage as they were, they were not without ideas of the good and the beautiful, of justice and honor, — ideas that are by no means to be scorned.

Their legends of animals show more than any others, perhaps, the Indian's idea of character.

An Indian chief once shot a huge bear, breaking its back. The animal fell, setting up a most plaintive cry. The chief then approached the bear and said, "Hark ye! bear. You are

a coward ! You are not the warrior you claim to be ! If you were, you would now show it by your firmness. You would not lie there crying and whimpering like a pappoose. You know, O bear, that your tribe and mine are deadly enemies. You know, too, that the Indians are too powerful for you. You dare not come out and meet us. You go sneaking and stealing about in the night time, stealing from us. Had *you* conquered *me*, I would have died like a brave warrior. *An Indian never whimpers.*

“But how could the bear understand the warrior?” asked a Jesuit.

“Indeed he could,” answered the Indian, “the bear understood very well. Had you seen him, you would have noticed how ashamed he looked.”





A PUEBLO RESTORED.

THE ZUÑIS.

IN 1846, Col. A. W. Doniphan marched into the territory of New Mexico. Imagine his surprise to find living there a tribe of Indians wholly unlike any before seen in this country.

Instead of wigwams, these Indians had great stone houses, some of them six stories high.

There were about ten thousand of these people living in settlements, or towns, of about a thousand each. They claimed to have descended from those races who were living in Mexico at the time of the "Conquest." They certainly did have many customs like the Indians of that time as described by Cortez.

These "pueblos," or houses, are built of stone, and look very much like great forts. They have no doors or staircases, but are entered by means of ladders set up against the building. These being drawn up at night, the people within are free from all attacks.

These stories are arranged something like steps, so that

the top of one story makes a sort of balcony for the people living in the story above.

In each of these buildings is an underground place in which the "sacred fires" are kept burning. These fires have been kept burning for hundreds of years. "If we never allow the sacred fire to be lost," say these Zuñis, "and if we keep it ever hidden from the sight of the white man, then some day our great chief will come for us, and we shall all return to our old home in the south from which we once were so cruelly driven."

These Indians are Sun-worshippers ; and often they may be seen sitting upon the roofs of their houses, watching for the rising of the sun. "The sun," they say, "is the golden chariot which sometime will bring our chief to take us back to our southern home."

The Zuñis, one group of these house-building Indians, are a gentle, peace-loving people, living simply and honestly in their homes, waiting, waiting, waiting for their old chief, hoping always that with the next appearing of the fire-chariot he may come to them.

SPANISH CONQUESTS.

WHEN this great continent of North America was discovered, and it began to be really understood how large it was, how rich, and how varied in its productions, thinking men began to say, "What, indeed, is going to be the effect of this wonderful discovery upon Europe, its trade and its people?"

Then each of the three nations that had sent out its ships began to contend over the ownership of it.

"It shall be mine," said Spain, "because our ships carried Columbus."

"It shall be mine," said Portugal.

"It shall be mine," said England.

But England was not yet the proud monarch of the sea.

Spain then held that honor. Her royal standard floated far and wide over the broad seas. Columbus had carried it even to the shores of Mexico; but meantime Diaz, a Portuguese mariner, has sailed around Cape Good Hope. Wonderful voyages were these for the times and the frail ships then built.

And now Spain and Portugal agree to divide between themselves all the unknown lands and seas east and west of a certain line drawn not far from the Azores, from the North Pole to the South Pole.

By this, you see, they planned to cut off from this New World every other nation. Spain, from the very beginning, had the advantage. Columbus had taken possession in her name of those islands which guarded the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, which is a sort of watery door-yard to the great new house. You may be sure she was wise enough to make these places strongly fortified, and to keep a sharp lookout that no English or Portuguese ships should get into this door-yard.

Spain now arose suddenly to an importance in the world of which she had never dreamed. Europe looked on in amazement to see the grand conquests Spain was making, while Portugal and England stood back and gazed, awe-struck. It was the old story of the big boy and the admiring little boys over again. And how these little boys longed to get just a finger in this great, rich pie! But the big boy said, "Touch it if you dare!" And the little boys did n't dare.

But by and by Francis I., king of France, said, "Pray tell me, where did you get your right, great neighbor mine, to

claim this new world as yours? Did old Father Adam leave a will in which he gave to Spain this great, new, island-farm?"

And Spain only growled, "Keep away! keep away! We'll fight! we'll fight!"

"Fight then," said France, "and we'll fight, too!" And so the two great armies of France and Spain met at Pavia and fought. It was a hard, fierce battle, and in it the French were so badly defeated that Francis I., when the battle was over, wrote to his mother one brief sentence, which has since come to be a familiar phrase — "Madam, all is lost except honor."

Spain was now greater than ever. Other nations, inspired by her success, began to reach out, little by little, taking good care, however, always to keep a most respectful distance from any playground which she might care to possess.

I am greatly tempted to stop here and tell you about the conquest of Mexico by one of Spain's great explorers — Cortez. It is like a grand, good novel to hear of his wonderful adventures and his wonderful discoveries. You must read all about it sometime, — about the great king Montezuma and his wonderful city. Cortez may have been a great explorer, and a daring one, but he was a cruel man; and his treatment

of the noble Montezuma and his people is one of the saddest stories in early American history. Because he was so needlessly cruel, I have never cared very much that, after he returned to Spain to lay his great discoveries at the royal feet, the king scornfully asked, "Who is this man?" We will be just, however, and remember the daring reply Cortez made to this insulting question of the king: "I am the man," said he, "who has gained Your Majesty more provinces than your father left you towns."



INDIAN STORY OF THE SEASONS.

AN old man was sitting in his wigwam, by the side of a frozen stream. It was the close of winter, and his fire was almost out. He appeared very old and lonesome. His hair was white with age, and he trembled and shivered as he walked. Day after day was passed in solitude, and no sound heard he except the loud winds sweeping before the light new snow.

One day, as his fire was dying out, a handsome youth approached and entered the wigwam of the old chief. His cheeks were red, his eyes danced, and a smile played upon his lips. His step was light and quick.

On his forehead was a garland of sweet grass, and in his hand were fragrant flowers.

"Ah, my son," said the lone chief, "come in. I rejoice to see you. Come, tell me of your travels, of the strange lands you have seen."

The youth entered, and the old man, after making his guest comfortable, began to speak : —

"I breathe forth, and the streams stand still ; the waters harden as crystal stone."

"I breathe," said the youth, "and the flowers, and grasses, and ferns spring forth on hill and plain."

"I shake my long hair," said the old man, "and snow covers the land ; the leaves fall from the trees and my breath blows them away. The animals hide from me, and the ground itself grows cold."

"I shake my ringlets," said the young man, "and warm showers fall upon the earth, and the soft dews are like the glistening eyes of children. At the sound of my voice, the birds come back ; at the warmth of my breath, the streams leap forth ; music is in the groves wherever I walk, and the whole earth is filled with joy."

All night long they talked. At length the sun began to rise, and a gentle warmth came over the place. The old man grew silent. The birds began to sing in the trees about the wigwam ; the stream began to murmur, and the fragrance of the flowers came in at the door.

And now, as the youth looked upon his host, he saw the streams begin to flow from his eyes. As the sun rose higher and higher, the old man grew less and less in stature, and at last was melted quite away, and nothing was left

upon the hearth but the Miskodeed, a small white flower with a pink border, that even now always comes when the winter goes.



DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

ON the very first maps the Spaniards drew of the Gulf of Mexico and its surrounding country, they located the entrance of this great river. They had little idea, however, that the muddy waters flowing into the gulf were the waters of a river so long and so large that the Indians themselves had given it the name of Mississippi, meaning "Father of Waters."

The Spaniards gave it, for some reason, the name of "The River of the Holy Ghost," noted it on their maps, and sailed on, little suspecting how great an opportunity they had lost for going into the very heart of the new continent.

It was, therefore, to De Soto that the real discovery of this river is due. In 1539, with six hundred men, he set sail from Havana, determined to make an exploration of the interior of this land bordering the gulf.

When Cortez started inland to Mexico, he burned his ships that his men might understand that, let come what might, there was no hope of escape for them.

De Soto, though equally determined, was less rash. He thought it just as well not to destroy them ; so he sent them back to Havana. They were fierce, war-like people,—these Spaniards,—not looking for homes as did the peaceful colonists of later times, but bent only on discovery and conquest, no matter what the cost.

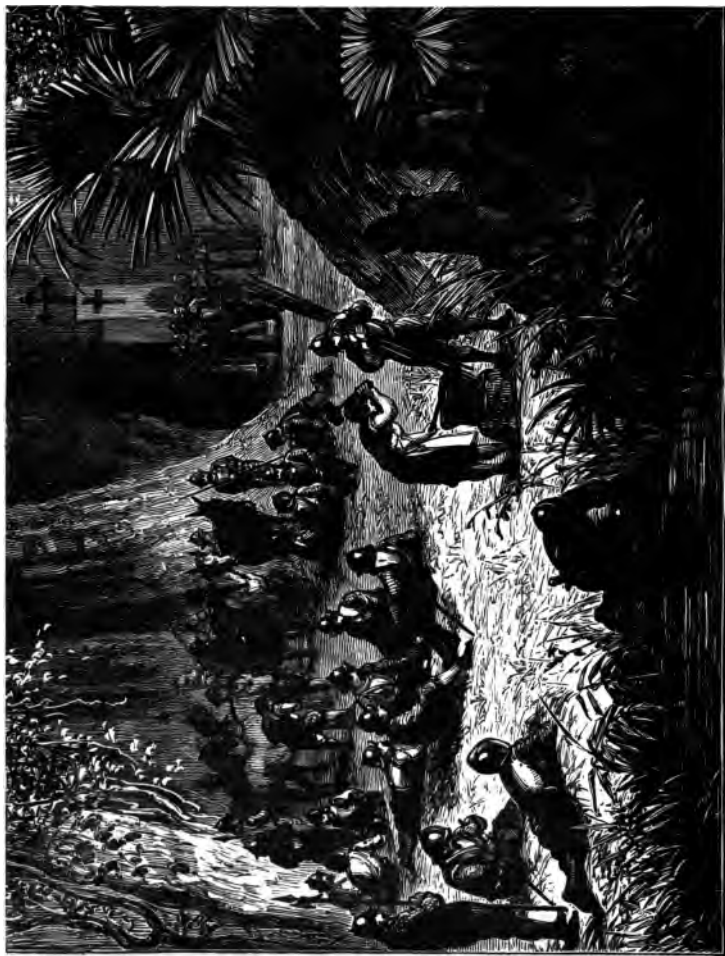
De Soto, with his camps, his infantry, his cavalry, his sparkling armor, and his loud-sounding trumpets, made a picture very different from that of the peace-loving colonists.

“Let us find gold! gold!” Gold was their aim in all they did. “Gold at any cost!” was De Soto’s watchword. What wonder, then, that he had no time for justice toward the natives, no thought of kindness for them.

“Indians,” said he, “have no rights except to bow to us and serve as our slaves.”

Meaning from the very beginning to make slaves of them, he had brought with him bloodhounds to hunt them down, and chains to bind them with. Wherever the army marched, these poor Indians were dragged along, loaded down with baggage, and lashed by their cruel masters if they sank beneath their burdens.

At their first landing, De Soto found a Spaniard who had for twelve years lived among the Florida Indians. “Where



CAMPING IN THE FLORIDA FORESTS.

is the gold? Where is the gold?" asked he, eagerly.

"I do not know," answered the Spaniard.

"Do not know?" cried De Soto. "Lived here twelve years, and do not know? Away with him to the chains! He shall guide us to the gold, or he shall die!"

The Indians came to his rescue. Pointing to the mountains far away, they said, "There is gold! there is gold!"

De Soto had heard,—and was greedy enough to hope it was true,—that somewhere in Florida was a golden city, with golden streets, and golden palaces, ruled over by a king who, every day, was sprinkled over with fine golden powder, who lay upon a golden couch, and was served always from golden plates.

This absurd story was enough to keep up the courage of these wealth-seeking Spaniards; and on they went, enduring all sorts of hardships for the sake of the hoped-for "El Dorado," or "City of the Gilded King."

Perhaps if these Spaniards had not been so dazzled with their visions of shining gold, they might have seen more clearly their way through the deep Florida forests. Good soldiers though they were, and skillful as was their leader, this little band of six hundred became most hopelessly lost

in the wildernesses,—so lost that never has it been possible to trace their line of march.

It must have been a terrible journey, covering thousands of miles, and lasting many years; and they led on always by nothing higher and better than the greed of gold. Wherever this could be heard of, De Soto hurried on his weary, wretched soldiers, until, at last, worn out by disease and famine, De Soto himself died.

Then the few miserable followers who were left made their way to the coast, flying before the wrath of the Indians, whom, a few short years before, they had so cruelly trampled upon.

Where they had been all this time, they hardly knew themselves; but that they had, in their wanderings, reached the banks of the Mississippi, there is no doubt. One of the soldiers in speaking of it says, "We found a river so wide that if a man stood upon the opposite bank, it could not be seen whether he was a man or not. So great was it, and so strong was the current, that great trees were borne along on its waters." This, of course, must have been the Mississippi, since we know that there is nowhere in that part of the country, another river of which any such description could have been true.



BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

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"I breathe," said the youth, "and the flowers, and grasses, and ferns spring forth on hill and plain."

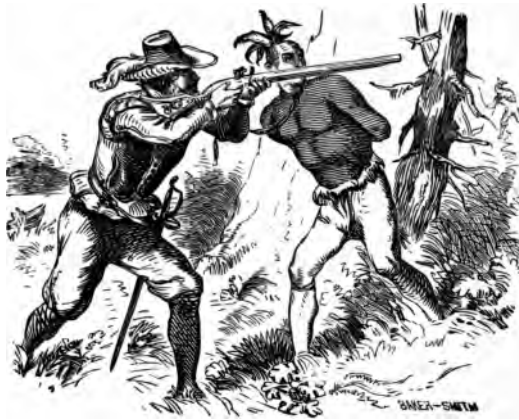
"I shake my long hair," said the old man, "and snow covers the land ; the leaves fall from the trees and my breath blows them away. The animals hide from me, and the ground itself grows cold."

"I shake my ringlets," said the young man, "and warm showers fall upon the earth, and the soft dews are like the glistening eyes of children. At the sound of my voice, the birds come back ; at the warmth of my breath, the streams leap forth ; music is in the groves wherever I walk, and the whole earth is filled with joy."

All night long they talked. At length the sun began to rise, and a gentle warmth came over the place. The old man grew silent. The birds began to sing in the trees about the wigwam ; the stream began to murmur, and the fragrance of the flowers came in at the door.

And now, as the youth looked upon his host, he saw the streams begin to flow from his eyes. As the sun rose higher and higher, the old man grew less and less in stature, and at last was melted quite away, and nothing was left

upon the hearth but the Miskodeed, a small white flower with a pink border, that even now always comes when the winter goes.



DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

ON the very first maps the Spaniards drew of the Gulf of Mexico and its surrounding country, they located the entrance of this great river. They had little idea, however, that the muddy waters flowing into the gulf were the waters of a river so long and so large that the Indians themselves had given it the name of Mississippi, meaning "Father of Waters."

The Spaniards gave it, for some reason, the name of "The River of the Holy Ghost," noted it on their maps, and sailed on, little suspecting how great an opportunity they had lost for going into the very heart of the new continent.

It was, therefore, to De Soto that the real discovery of this river is due. In 1539, with six hundred men, he set sail from Havana, determined to make an exploration of the interior of this land bordering the gulf.

When Cortez started inland to Mexico, he burned his ships that his men might understand that, let come what might, there was no hope of escape for them.

De Soto, though equally determined, was less rash. He thought it just as well not to destroy them ; so he sent them back to Havana. They were fierce, war-like people,—these Spaniards,—not looking for homes as did the peaceful colonists of later times, but bent only on discovery and conquest, no matter what the cost.

De Soto, with his camps, his infantry, his cavalry, his sparkling armor, and his loud-sounding trumpets, made a picture very different from that of the peace-loving colonists.

“Let us find gold! gold!” Gold was their aim in all they did. “Gold at any cost!” was De Soto’s watchword. What wonder, then, that he had no time for justice toward the natives, no thought of kindness for them.

“Indians,” said he, “have no rights except to bow to us and serve as our slaves.”

Meaning from the very beginning to make slaves of them, he had brought with him bloodhounds to hunt them down, and chains to bind them with. Wherever the army marched, these poor Indians were dragged along, loaded down with baggage, and lashed by their cruel masters if they sank beneath their burdens.

At their first landing, De Soto found a Spaniard who had for twelve years lived among the Florida Indians. “Where



CAMPING IN THE FLORIDA FORESTS.

is the gold? Where is the gold?" asked he, eagerly.

"I do not know," answered the Spaniard.

"Do not know?" cried De Soto. "Lived here twelve years, and do not know? Away with him to the chains! He shall guide us to the gold, or he shall die!"

The Indians came to his rescue. Pointing to the mountains far away, they said, "There is gold! there is gold!"

De Soto had heard,—and was greedy enough to hope it was true,—that somewhere in Florida was a golden city, with golden streets, and golden palaces, ruled over by a king who, every day, was sprinkled over with fine golden powder, who lay upon a golden couch, and was served always from golden plates.

This absurd story was enough to keep up the courage of these wealth-seeking Spaniards; and on they went, enduring all sorts of hardships for the sake of the hoped-for "El Dorado," or "City of the Gilded King."

Perhaps if these Spaniards had not been so dazzled with their visions of shining gold, they might have seen more clearly their way through the deep Florida forests. Good soldiers though they were, and skillful as was their leader, this little band of six hundred became most hopelessly lost

in the wildernesses,—so lost that never has it been possible to trace their line of march.

It must have been a terrible journey, covering thousands of miles, and lasting many years ; and they led on always by nothing higher and better than the greed of gold. Wherever this could be heard of, De Soto hurried on his weary, wretched soldiers, until, at last, worn out by disease and famine, De Soto himself died.

Then the few miserable followers who were left made their way to the coast, flying before the wrath of the Indians, whom, a few short years before, they had so cruelly trampled upon.

Where they had been all this time, they hardly knew themselves ; but that they had, in their wanderings, reached the banks of the Mississippi, there is no doubt. One of the soldiers in speaking of it says, "We found a river so wide that if a man stood upon the opposite bank, it could not be seen whether he was a man or not. So great was it, and so strong was the current, that great trees were borne along on its waters." This, of course, must have been the Mississippi, since we know that there is nowhere in that part of the country, another river of which any such description could have been true.



BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

In Irving's "Conquest of Florida," he gives this description of De Soto's burial : —

"They buried him in the dead of night, with sentinels posted to keep the natives at a distance. The place chosen for the sepulchre was one of many pits, broad and deep ; but, with all their precautions, they soon found out that the Indians suspected not only the death of the governor, but the place where he lay buried ; for, in passing by the pit, they would stop, look round attentively on all sides, talk with one another, and make signs with their chins and their eyes toward the spot where the body was interred. The Spaniards perceiving this, determined to disinter the body and deposit it in the mid-channel of the Mississippi. As there was no stone in the neighborhood wherewith to sink it, they cut down an evergreen oak, and made an excavation in one side, of the size of a man. On the following night, with all the silence possible, they disinterred the body, and placed it in the trunk of the oak, nailing planks over the aperture. The rustic coffin was then conveyed to the center of the river, where, in presence of priests and cavaliers, it was committed to the stream, and they beheld it sink to the bottom, shedding many tears over this second funeral rite, and commending anew the soul of the good cavalier to heaven."

NEW MEXICO.

HAD De Soto lived, his little band might have crossed the Mississippi, and so have begun the exploration of the Great West. The Indians of the Great West, however, lost little in losing this opportunity to entertain De Soto's band, if we may judge from the fate of those tribes who had received them.

Meantime, however, Mendoza, inspired by the cruel triumphs of Cortez in Mexico, burned to set out northward on a like expedition. Not only did he hope to rival Cortez, but he had heard that in that great unknown region north of Mexico, there were gold, and silver, and great cities. Moreover, he hoped somewhere to find the end of the land, and so have the glory of having first crossed the continent. Many efforts had been made to do this, but all thus far had only ended in failure.

Two great obstacles met Mendoza at the very start.

One was that the unknown country could be reached, as far as they knew, only by crossing the mountains, or by pass-

ing through the mountain defiles, which were so rugged and high, so steep and rough, that it seemed but foolish risk of life to attempt them.

The second obstacle was one for which the Spaniards had only to thank themselves, and that was the fury and hatred of the natives with whom they had dealt so cruelly in times past. All up among these very mountains which must be crossed, these Indians were now living, nursing their anger, and only waiting opportunities for revenge.

Mendoza did not care to set out to meet any such enemies as these seemed likely to prove to be. He therefore planned a method of approach different from that of Cortez or that of De Soto.

He took a good old monk from his cell, gave him a guide, and bade him go into the new country and explore, being very careful everywhere to carry messages of peace and good will to the Indians.

In this way, many natives were coaxed down from the mountains. These were easily won over by gifts and the kind words of the old monk, and so the way was opened. Old Father Marco then pressed on across the mountains into the land of the Zuñi. What might have happened we cannot know; but here Father Marco's negro guide was

murdered, and the old monk hurried back to the Spanish settlements. The following year, another attempt at exploration was made, but with no better success.

Near as they were upon the much-coveted gold and silver lands, it was more than thirty years before another attempt of any importance was made to enter the mysterious country beyond the rocky wall.

At the end of that time, again two monks set out from the Spanish settlements. The Indian had not forgotten, in all these years, the early cruelty of the Spaniards. Perhaps it was because of this fear and dread of Indian revenge, perhaps it was from real honesty of purpose, that the Spaniards now decided that the best way to approach these Indians would be to first convert them to the Christian religion. We will hope it was the latter. Certainly it was quite time that other means than the bloodhounds and chains should be used to conquer them, if, indeed, they could be conquered.

Accordingly, two monks were sent out among the natives with express commands that, under no circumstances, was cruelty to be used toward one of the simple, heathen red men.

These monks journeyed on to the valley of the Rio Grande. Two years later, other missionaries set forth, and these, going

far up the river, brought back reports of people living in cities and in houses, some of whom had even a Christian religion, which they said had been taught their forefathers long before. Others, however, worshipped idols, for which they had wonderful temples built.

There were great differences between the natives of different settlements. Some lived in huts of mud, or in rude houses of boughs and straw; others lived in high, stone-built houses, four, five, and six stories high.

The farther north the explorers went, the more people they found, and the better their condition. To this part of the country which in its trees, and soil, and climate, seemed so much like the Mexico from which they had traveled, the Spaniards gave the name of New Mexico.



CALIFORNIA.

IN due time the exploring Spaniards reached what we now call Lower California. Thinking this to be an island, they gave it the name of California. This was the name of a certain fabled island in an old Spanish romance; and as this new point of land seemed very beautiful, and as the Spaniards had always been fond of fanciful names, they gave the name to this last discovery. They sailed along the coast, farther and farther north, exploring as they went, until they reached Cape Mendocino.

But are the Spanish to go on forever? Is no other nation to interfere? Are they to get possession of the whole continent?

Well, not quite such good fortune is in store for cruel Spain as that. Already, as they say, "a cloud no bigger than a man's hand" is beginning to rise in Spain's hitherto clear sky. And that cloud, if you look at it sharply, has a very English air about it. It looks, indeed, very like an English ship.

Yes, England had at last produced a mariner whose name already was coming to be a terror even to the Spaniards. Francis Drake had already passed the Straits of Magellan with one little vessel, on into the great South Sea.

Drake seemed not to know what fear meant. Fighting, plundering, capturing,—on he went up the coast in spite of Spanish threats. It was finally believed at this time that somewhere there was a passage through from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was spoken of as “The Northwest Passage.”

Drake, knowing that the Spaniards were lying in wait for him if he returned by the old route, thought, since peril was in store for him whatever course he took, that he might as well try to find this much-talked-of and much-longed-for passage, and return that way.

So on he went farther and farther north, until the climate began to grow so cold that his men rebelled against going farther on. Drake was, therefore, obliged to turn south again.

Finding a snug little harbor off the coast of California, he dropped anchor there, landed, and spent many days in exploring the country round about.

When Drake's great vessel came sailing up the bay, the natives came rushing down in troops to meet it.



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Glad enough were they to find the newcomers showing a flag not Spanish, and speaking a language unlike any they had before heard.

The king of the country, Drake afterwards reported, took off his crown and placed it upon Drake's head in token of his willingness to accept him as their new king.

Drake set up a great post on this shore, upon which he fixed a brass plate bearing the name of Elizabeth, the English queen.

"How will the Spaniards like that!" said Drake, as he took possession of the country in the name of England. Then away he sailed, off across the Pacific, by way of Cape Good Hope, home.

Spain now rose in fury. Ambassadors were sent to England to tell the English throne that her mariners had infringed upon Spanish rights; that the western coast belonged to them.

The queen listened for a long time to their greedy story; but Queen Elizabeth was not one to listen long with patience to any tale of Spanish power. She finally sent the ambassadors home, feeling very much as if their ears had been soundly boxed; for when Elizabeth raised her temper and her voice, it was a daring man who cared to stay and listen.

And so Mendoza, the ambassador, went home to his king with the message that the English throne would continue still to believe that the sea and the air was not yet owned by the Spanish.

This sarcastic message was received by the Spanish king with fury and with loud threats of revenge. It was not until eight years after this that the English navy, with Drake at its head, met the "Invincible Armada" of the Spanish in the English channel, and proved to that haughty power that England, not Spain, henceforth would rule the sea.

The Spanish power was broken. No longer was the Spanish flag the terror of the world.

But to return to California. The real settlement of this country was, like all others under the Spanish direction, a half-military, half-religious plan. Enough was known of the climate and soil to prove to the Spaniards that it was worth their while to push on from the barren, sandy tracts of New Mexico.

Missions were accordingly set up in Lower California, and at the same time forts and batteries were set up along the coasts.

Although urged on by the dreams of great harvests from this warm, rich soil, you may be sure the Spaniards had no

intention whatever of doing the work themselves. That was not the Spanish way. It was the Indians who were to do the work.

As one by one the stations were built, the Indians were told to draw together about them, that the white people might more easily teach them how to live as they lived, as well as how to die as Christians died.

Being innocent, submissive people, they very willingly came, and set to work building houses, tilling the soil, and tending the herds—doing, in short, all the work, and giving in to the Spaniards all the wealth. The Spaniards, on the other hand, by giving the Indians clothes and food, kept them under their control, making them believe that they were caring for them as no other people had ever been cared for. The simple-hearted Indians could not see that they earned for the white people, by their labor, ten times over the cloths and food they gave them.

And how about the commerce of these nations? You may be sure the ports were carefully guarded from all other than Spanish vessels. They would hardly have cared to have the English or the French learn the resources of this country.

Once a year a Spanish vessel would come into port, and the Indian slaves would see the products of their year's hard

work carried off to unknown lands. Whether it ever occurred to them that this was unjust, I do not know. It would have made very little difference, as far as helping themselves was concerned, if they had been wise enough to know their wrongs

All trade was carried on by ocean, and it was long, long after the settlements by the English on the Atlantic coast, that a way was opened across the deserts of Colorado. After that a little trade sprang up between the provinces, but the road was so long and so beset with dangers, that little was accomplished, and the Spaniards were left unmolested.





E. RONJAT.

CHAMPLAIN.

FRENCH SETTLEMENTS.

AFTER Columbus had discovered America, the French were among the first to turn their attention to the new world. They were, however, very innocent and moderate in their desires regarding it. While the Spaniards were spurred on by the thirst for gold and power, and were willing to crush and kill, if need be, every soul that dared oppose them, the French had in view only new sources of supply for their trade.

Spain would have been glad if she could have frightened from American shores every man not in Spanish employ, but she could not do quite so much as that. The spirit of discovery was wide awake in all the nations of Europe, and it would not be lulled nor frightened into repose again. Spain forced these other nations to keep at most respectful distances, but she could not keep them off the ocean entirely, much as she wished it.

At this time the French had shown themselves brave and daring upon the sea. Indeed, it is said that "they had sailed

boldly out into the great Atlantic in ships no larger than a modern oyster boat."

By accident, we might almost say, Cartier pushed on towards the north, discovered the great St. Lawrence, and sailed on and on for three hundred miles or more into the continent.

Amazed at the greatness of the stream, they believed it must be the way to India — that wonderful route for which all traders were searching, as had the early Spaniards searched for the El Dorado. But whether it was the way to India or not, of one thing they were sure: whichever nation got control of that great waterway would guard one gateway, at least, to the great continent.

The Frenchmen, ever eager to see the glory of their country advanced, began at once to dream dreams and see visions of a New France which should magnify in importance and in glory the dear Old France.

These French, from the beginning, easily won the confidence of the Indians, and so gained their ready willingness to help. The French respected their rights and their ideas, and so won their loyal friendship. They went, too, in among them, lived with them, hunted and fished with them, and learned their language and their habits. Add to all this the

passionate, eager way with which the French enter into anything they undertake, and we understand why it was that the Indians were for a long time so attached to the French.

Although Cartier ascended the St. Lawrence as early as 1534, it was not until more than half a century later that the work of settling a French colony began in earnest. Then Champlain, after whom Lake Champlain is named, founded that quaint little old city of Quebec.

Did you ever hear how this city came to receive its odd name? It is said that as these French explorers were sailing up the river, they came suddenly upon a sharp point of high land. "*O, quel bec!*" meaning, "O, what a beak!" cried the commander. And so "*Quel bec,*" or "*Que' bec,*" it has been called to this day.

Champlain, seeing at once how valuable and how strongly fortified a site for a future city this would be, at once established a "trading-post" there.

Here an active fur trade was set up with the Indians. The Indians, childishly anxious to display the wonders of their country, told the French of the copper mines farther to the west, and the way in which this copper could be cleansed and used. Spurred on by hope of greater gain, the French pushed farther into the wild forests. It would have been so

easy to have gone down into what is now our Middle Atlantic States, and set up trading-posts along the Hudson ! And it would have been so grand to have got control of the Great Lakes, with their wonderful advantages for trading and exporting !

But, unfortunately for Champlain, the Indians north of the St. Lawrence and the Indians south of the St. Lawrence were deadly foes. More than that, Champlain had foolishly taken part with these northern Indians in a struggle with the southern. This, of course, had brought down the undying hatred of these last upon the French ; and they were determined that no French should enter their country if continual petty warfare could keep them out.

Because of this, the French, wishing to reach Lake Huron, were compelled to make a laborious overland journey through the country of the friendly Indians, carrying their canoes from water to water, over the rough land passes.

To Jean Nicolet fell the honor of pushing on into the west as far as Green Bay. He was, without doubt, the first white man to tread Wisconsin soil.

During all this time, rumors of the doings of the Spanish on the western coast were spreading abroad, and gladly would the French have set forth on expeditions westward,

had the unfriendly southern Indians not kept them busy where they were. Indeed, the French could hardly feel safe in their forts at Montreal; to set out into the hostile country was certainly not to be thought of.

The missionaries were loud in their cries against these heathen, calling upon all the saints to rid them of this scourge. But not only did these Indians hate the French, not only did they declare war and vengeance forever, but there were the Dutch in New York, who had established rival fur-trading posts, urging them on against the French, even providing them with fire-arms to use against them.

At last a genuine outbreak between the two tribes ended in the utter destruction of the northern Indians. The few who were left fled, some east, some west, and the southern Indians rushing in to take possession of their deserted lands, hemmed in the French completely.

This was a dark time for the French. Not only could they make no progress westward, but their trade was embarrassed, their homes were in danger, and life itself was in continual peril.

But a brighter day dawned at last. Some Lake Superior Indians came sailing up the river to Quebec. The traders gladly seized upon the opportunity to make friends with their

visitors, and establish trading terms with them. The monks, too, did not let pass the opportunity to teach them the white man's religion. When the Indians were ready to go back into their own country, they asked that a missionary be sent with them to teach this new God to their people.

It would be a terrible journey, and a life of bitter hardship must follow for the missionary that should be chosen for this work. Still the opportunity must not be neglected; and one of the good fathers came forward, offering himself for the work.

As you grow older, and read more deeply into the history of these times, you will hear much said in defense of, and much in condemnation of, these early Jesuit priests. One writer will tell you that they were pure, unselfish, self-sacrificing teachers of what they believed to be the true religion; another will tell you that they were actuated by nothing higher than desire to glorify France and push the fur-trade. You and I could hardly presume to say what might have been their motives. We know men will sacrifice much for their country, but still there is a something in the lives of these Jesuit priests, a something in their willingness to sacrifice, in their devotion, in their endurance, that seems to tell us that, whatever may have been the motives of those who

sent them, they themselves must have been filled with an honest desire to do what to them seemed right.

This priest who set out with the Indians on their return to their own people, was brave and faithful; but the cold and the exposure were more than he could bear, and in only a short time the Indians came back to say that the good man was dead. That he had faithfully done his work, that he had drawn the Indians to him, and had touched their hearts, we know; for at his death we are told the Indians were "much grieved and did earnestly desire that another father should come among them."

Undismayed by the sad fate of his brother worker, Father Allonez, the following summer, set out in company with a band of returning Indians. For two long years he worked among them; and at length succeeded in forming a mission on the southern shore of Lake Superior.

During all this time, he had sent no word to his brothers at Quebec, and they had long since given him up as dead. But one bright morning he appeared before them, footsore and weary, but full of hope and courage, eager to tell of his strange adventures, and to enlist the sympathies of his fellow priests in these far-off Indian tribes.

He had traveled from tribe to tribe, over the country,



MISSIONARIES AMONG THE INDIANS.

through the forests, and across the waters. Down into the land of the dreaded southern Indians he had traveled, and it was there he had built his mission. He had talked with them, had learned their ways and their language ; had heard glowing accounts of their country, which, they said, "reached to the end of the earth." From them he had heard of the great river, the "Messipi," of the wonderful gold and silver countries, and of the many tribes far to the westward.

When it became known in France that the head-waters of a great river had been found, the fire of adventure blazed up again. It was quick to be seen that a stream whose head-waters were so broad and powerful as these were said to be, must pour itself into the sea. Then, too, it must be a long river. Perhaps it flowed into the Atlantic, perhaps into the Pacific, perhaps into the Gulf of Mexico. That they did not yet know. But that it must be a great river, and that, whatever its course, it must prove a great waterway — as great, and perhaps greater, than the St. Lawrence — this the traders were quick enough to see. "Think !" said the French ; "we already control one great water route into the heart of the continent ! If we can plant our standard at the mouth of this other mighty stream, we shall control its whole course — perhaps the whole continent !"

MARQUETTE AND JOLIET.

EAGER to begin the exploration of this mighty stream, Marquette, a priest, and Joliet, a trader and an explorer, were sent forth. If the French could get possession of this great waterway, they were sure the Spaniards could be kept from advancing farther into the continent, the English could be kept upon the Atlantic coast, and the French would then, indeed, become *the* nation of the "New World."

Joliet was quite as impatient to set forth as France was to have him, and Father Marquette had long been praying that it might be granted him to carry the gospel to the tribes along the shores of the great river. It was with joy, then, that in May, 1673, these two, with only five companions, set forth upon Lake Michigan.

They coasted this lake, passed into Green Bay, entered Fox River, crossed Lake Winnebago, reaching, at last, a little Indian village, where, to Marquette's great joy, they found a cross standing unharmed among the wigwams, planted there by the good Father Allonez.

This was as far as white men had ever pushed their explorations. All beyond this place was to be an unknown land. On they went into the heart of Wisconsin, sometimes paddling along the sunny waters, sometimes carrying their canoes across the desert places. They found the Wisconsin River. Following its course, they came, at last, to a place where its waters lost themselves in a great roaring, rushing stream.

Could this be the Messipi, the wonderful river of the Indians,—the river guarded over by the great and terrible demon? It must be! there could not be another so great, and dark, and broad! The long-sought Mississippi was found at last.

Carefully and watchfully, for they knew not what tribes might dwell along its banks, the explorers sailed rapidly onward.

Such forests! such sunny prairies! such rushing waters! And all so grand and free!

One day they saw upon the river-side signs of habitation. Landing, they found a well-worn path.

"This," said Joliet, "must be a foot-path. And see! here is an arrow. Here a bit of wampum! There is a village beyond."



VOYAGE OF MARQUETTE AND JOLIET.

Suddenly they came out into a sunny, open place, where, sure enough, stood a little group of wigwams, with Indians lying about the door-ways smoking, and sunning themselves on the fresh, warm earth.

Amazed, and perhaps somewhat frightened at the sudden appearance of white men before their very doors, the Indians hurried forward to meet their guests, offering at once the peace-pipe.

"Who are you?" asked Marquette.

"We are the Illinois," was the honest reply.

"We are with friends!" cried Marquette and Joliet together, for they saw within the wigwams articles which they knew must have come from the French trading-posts. "If these people trade with our people, they must be friendly with us, and they will tell us where we are. They will tell us of the river, and of the people we shall find along its shores."

So, entering the camp, they met the Indians cordially, accepted their generous offers of food and rest, smoked the peace-pipe with them, eagerly drinking in every word of information regarding the wonderland below.

When they went back to their canoes, they had made friends with the whole village, and, in token of it, the whole

village escorted them to the water's edge. As Marquette left the village, an old chief placed in his hands the peace-pipe, which he said would be his safeguard among all the Indians along the river.

Grateful, indeed, were the Frenchmen for this ; for among the Indians the peace-pipe is looked upon with reverence and honor. To attack a stranger bearing a peace-pipe would be a breach of Indian honor not to be thought of.

Sailing along they passed the Illinois, pouring its waters into the Mississippi, then the Missouri, then the Ohio or the River Beautiful. No danger menaced them until they reached the Arkansas. There, suddenly, a fleet of war canoes shot out from the bank, and spread themselves in such a way that to pass them or to escape them was impossible.

Now, indeed, were the explorers thankful for the peace-pipe of the Illinois. The young savages had already fitted their arrows and were bending their bows. Holding high the peace-pipe, Marquette made friendly signs, at which the bows were dropped, and the little band was saved.

They were now allowed to pass, and were told that only a few leagues down the river they would find the "great town," of the tribe, and there they would learn all they wished to know about the river.

Reaching the town, they were taken ashore and treated to a great feast. But so strongly did their new friends warn them against further progress down the river, telling them of the tribes below who carried firearms and whose only occupation was war upon all white men, that it was decided best to return. "We have not seen the mouth of the river," said Joliet, "to be sure ; but there is no doubt now of its course, and no doubt that it flows into the Gulf of Mexico. If we go on we may be killed, and then France will know nothing of our discovery. If we go back and report what we have found, we may, perhaps, come again with a larger band, and be able to force our way to the outlet."

Reasoning thus, they turned back, and in a few weeks reached Lake Michigan.

The Mississippi had now been explored for six hundred miles. There was little doubt that it was, indeed, the "Great River," and that it flowed into the Gulf of Mexico. Still the exploration was not complete. Some applauded the wisdom of Joliet in returning, others sneered at him and saw no reason why he should not have forced his way to the very end. Joliet had never proved himself a traitor or a coward, and, whether wise or not, it certainly is probable that Joliet was honest in his judgment that he should return with what

information he had gained rather than that the whole should be lost through rashness. There are times, even in exploration, when "discretion is the better part of valor."

Marquette remained to teach the gospel to an Indian tribe, and Joliet alone conveyed the glad tidings of the discoveries to Quebec. It is said he was received with enthusiastic delight. The bells were rung during a greater part of the whole day, and all the clergy and dignitaries of the church went in procession to the cathedral to celebrate high mass.

Notwithstanding the great excitement produced by this event, it did not lead to further discovery for some time. The good Father Marquette dying soon after, and Joliet being otherwise occupied, the great river lay unnoticed in the wilderness, and its discovery seemed almost forgotten.

LA SALLE.

THE exploration of the Mississippi was to be finished by La Salle.

This man was, perhaps, the "prince of explorers." He is called so by some writers; and if brains and ideas, force and will, could make him so, the name is, perhaps, not unfitting.

Before setting out upon his expedition, La Salle proposed first to build a vessel in which to cross the lakes, and so do away with the tiresome canoe journey. So it came about that La Salle's was the first vessel launched upon the Great Lakes.

Delay upon delay prevented the party from setting out until far into the autumn. Already those cold, north lake-winds were blowing, sharp and keen. Even now, La Salle's man Tonty must be waited for. At last he came, — but it was now December. Many murmured against setting out at this time in the season, through unknown lands. La Salle, however, was not the man to retreat. "It will be

warmer farther south," he said; "then, too, we shall find food and shelter in the Illinois towns a little below."

So on they went to the town of the friendly Illinois, but, to their great disappointment, they found the town deserted. The people had gone to hunt the buffalo, that being their custom at this time of the year. This was a heavy blow to La Salle, for he had hoped here to get food and guides for the journey. Next, they came upon a tribe of Indians who begged them not to venture down the river. "It is filled," said they, "with snakes and alligators, serpents and terrible monsters. Then, too, there are savage herds along the banks who wait with poisoned arrows to attack the white man. And the river itself is full of raging, seething whirlpools, hungry to swallow up the white man's canoe."

These silly stories were received by La Salle with great contempt. "There is some reason," said he, "why these natives do not want us to go down the river, and they take this way to frighten us back."

His men were not so sure of this. Many of them grew sullen and fearful. Six of them deserted outright and hurried back to Quebec.

La Salle and his little band now went into winter quarters, built a fort, and waited the coming of the warmer days. At

no time did he show one sign of grief, or regret, or lack of courage. Apparently he was of iron heart. Still, if one may judge from the name he gave his fort — Crevecœur, meaning broken-hearted — there were times when he, too, dreamed of the sunny France he had left so far behind. Nothing, however, could shake the determination of this brave leader. Leaving the fort in the charge of Tonty, he himself made a journey back for the provisions which he must have before he could set forth down the river.

When he returned to the Indian village, he found only the charred and blackened ruins, and the burned and mangled bodies of his friends. During his absence, hostile tribes had fallen upon the Illinois, had slaughtered them, and had burned their village. The fort, too, he found deserted; for as soon as he had gone away, the men had risen against Tonty, had plundered the fort, and had gone off leaving Tonty to the mercy of the savages.

Good, faithful Tonty! La Salle's strong, right-hand man! Wretched, and in despair, La Salle searched for him, wandering here and there until he came to the Mississippi. But no Tonty was to be found. Then returning to Montreal, he gathered more men about him, and set forth a third time for the Great River, the Father of Waters.

You know the old saying that the third time never fails. True or not, it proved true this time at least. Quietly they sailed on, very little of note happening, until at last, on the sixth of April, 1682, they had reached that point near the mouth of the river where it branches in three directions.

"Which shall we take?" the men asked.

"I," said La Salle, "will take the most western branch; you, Tonty,—for Tonty had been found,—shall take the middle; and you, my brave man, shall take the eastern."

"The water," said La Salle, "grows to taste more salt. Surely we are coming into the Gulf of Mexico;" and a little later, the canoes did, in truth, glide out upon the clear, smooth waters of the gulf. The Mississippi was now no longer an object of myth and speculation. It had been navigated from its source to its outlet; and so, landing not far above the mouth of the river, La Salle set up the arms of France, and, in the name of Louis, King of France, took formal possession of all the land watered by the Mississippi, giving it the name of Louisiana.



THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

AS Joliet had had with him the priest Marquette, so La Salle had set out with Father Hennepin. It was the intention in these French expeditions that exploration and conversion should go hand in hand.

While La Salle was delayed in his voyage down the Mississippi, he sent two of his men and Father Hennepin up the river, that, when he should have returned from his own voyage, he might be able to prepare a full account of the wonders of the entire river from its source to its outlet.

For six weeks these explorers paddled peacefully up the river, nothing of especial note falling to their notice.

“If only we can keep clear of the Sioux!” said they. But one day when they had stopped to mend a leaking canoe, suddenly there burst upon them the war-cry of these very Indians whom of all others they hoped to avoid. In a moment they were surrounded. With scowls and howls and flourishing of tomahawks, they fell upon the defenceless Frenchmen.

Hennepin offered the peace-pipe ; but the peace-pipe this time had no weight with the angry Sioux, who had long waited for just such an opportunity as this to avenge themselves on the white men.

Hennepin fell upon his knees and began muttering prayers aloud. This seemed only to infuriate the Indians the more.



VOYAGE OF LA SALLE DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

“He is making charms ! He is making charms !” cried they.
“Scalp him ! scalp him ! he is calling up the demons !”

It was only by promising to call no more upon the evil spirits that Father Hennepin saved his own and his friends' lives. Escape, however, was impossible. For nineteen days

the three Frenchmen were driven like cattle before the savage Sioux, who seemed to find relief to their pent up wrath by afflicting all sorts of petty abuses upon the defenceless captives.

At last the village of the Sioux was reached. Here Hennepin was put in the care of an old warrior, who, by and by, adopted him as his own son.

A hard, weary winter followed for the captives.

But when the summer came, and the Sioux went forth to hunt the buffalo, then was their time to plan an escape. La Salle, when they had set forth, had promised to send word to them at the mouth of the Wisconsin.

"If we can only get there," said the Frenchmen, "we are sure of help." So telling the Sioux that their friends were coming loaded with gifts, the greedy Indians agreed to let two of the white men go down the river.

It was at this time the falls were passed to which Hennepin gave the name of St. Anthony, naming them from his own patron saint.

To their surprise and chagrin, a little farther on, they were overtaken by a party of the Sioux, who, being suspicious of their story, had followed them all the way. Finding that they were really going to the mouth of the



LA SALLE CLAIMS THE MISSISSIPPI.

Wisconsin as they had said, and thinking that perhaps it was true that white men were to be there with their loads of gifts, they ordered the two white men to remain where they were, while they themselves would go ahead and meet the party and secure the gifts for themselves.

Of course no white men were there, and, what was of much more interest to the Sioux, no loads of gifts, and back they paddled, angry enough at the white men who had deceived them.

After this, the Frenchmen were watched more closely than ever, and were treated more cruelly. No attempts at escape were made, for they knew only too well how useless it would be.

It was months later when, at last, a company of French traders came into the village of the Sioux, and ransomed Father Hennepin and his two companions.

One of this rescuing party was named Duluth, and another Pepin. After one of these, the settlement of Duluth was named, and after the other, Lake Pepin. We have, therefore, in the Falls of St. Anthony, the city of Duluth, and Lake Pepin, a group of names which should always suggest to us this little exploring party who attempted, in spite of all danger, to reach the source of the Mississippi.

DEATH OF LA SALLE.

ALTHOUGH La Salle knew, for the object of transportation, the Mississippi was of no value to the French at present, he appreciated the necessity of keeping the way open.

Accordingly, the first thing to be done was to plant a colony at the mouth of the great river. Having done this, he went to France to report his discoveries to the king, and set forth his plans for the future. One plan was that a fort be built a little distance up the river, which should become a trading center for all neighboring tribes. This, he knew, could be more easily done from the fact that the Indians so hated the Spaniards. Having built and established this center, it would be easy, with the help of the Indians, to push on into the silver regions, drive out the four hundred Spaniards there, and get possession.

The plan was easily seized upon by the king. Instead of the two vessels La Salle asked for with which to carry out his scheme, he was given four. La Salle set to work with

his natural energy, and, in a short time, enough soldiers, priests, arms, provisions, and colonists were got together to establish a settlement at once.

So great a character as La Salle could not be without enemies. His reserve of manner, the greatness and the broadness of his schemes, the grandeur of his successes, all tended to promote jealousy in the petty minds of his companions. Before he set sail on this expedition, which promised so much, he and his leading naval officer had quarreled. La Salle, sarcastic and intolerant, had drawn himself into his shell, as people say, and the naval officer, chafing under the coldness and reserve of his superior, sulked and threatened.

Nevertheless, the vessels set forth. One of them was seized by a Spanish buccaneer, but the other three reached the entrance to the gulf in safety. Here they were detained by illness among the crew and the passengers, La Salle himself lying for many days at death's door.

La Salle, anxious to perform what had been given him by his country to be done, set forth before he was fairly able, steering westward into the gulf. Although La Salle knew he was not near the mouth of the river, on New Year's Day they landed. The sneers of his officers drove him, perhaps,

to this rashness, for La Salle, even while landing, held that they must have gone too far to the west. They were, indeed, far beyond the mouth of the river — some four hundred miles — on the coast of Texas.

With the leaders so at variance, it is no wonder that the colonists and the soldiers were out of spirits. And when it became known that even La Salle himself did not know where they had landed, they were seized with fear and misgivings.

Beaujeu, the naval officer, after openly expressing his contempt for La Salle, had sailed away.

It was a hard position for La Salle. He tried to put courage into the little band, by setting them to work and helping them to build their houses. This little village La Salle named St Louis after the French King.

Unused to the climate and the exposed life, death and sickness were with them through the summer. The Spaniards, too, were far from friendly, and the Indians were ever on the alert to strike down any Frenchman who wandered beyond the protection of the settlement.

When at last they were comfortably settled, La Salle set forth with fifty men to find the river which he had so recently navigated. For months they wandered about, but

came back tired and worn, having no tidings to bring of the great river.

Meantime the one vessel they had kept to carry them to the Mississippi when it should be found, had been lost ; men were dying ; disaster upon disaster followed.

La Salle would not give way to despair—at least not before his men.

“There is but one thing to do now,” said he, “and that is to some way get to Canada. To get to France is impossible. Let us keep up our courage. Remember, I am as badly off as you, and I am as desirous of finding help and comfort. Now, who will volunteer to set forth with me to Canada? We can, at least, all die together.”

Twenty men set out again upon this very dangerous and uncertain journey. As these brave men set forth, La Salle at their head, the hopes of the little colony rose once more. They found their way to the country of the Anis Indians. Here sickness and weakness from starvation overcame them, and they were compelled to give way. Buying a few horses from the Indians, they retraced their steps, coming at length into their little village, more wretched and dispirited than ever.

But what could be done ! La Salle knew full well the

discontent among his men, their mistrust and hatred for him. Still there was but one hope—that of reaching Canada. Again he set forth, this time with fewer men, and these, too, with less of courage and more of hatred for the man whom they felt had brought them to this wretched pass.

At midnight, beneath the open sky, high mass was said. La Salle spoke a few words of hopeful cheer to these who were to set forth with him upon this perilous journey, and to those weary ones who were to await their return. Then the little band filed quietly away through the forest, out of sight.

It was a long, hard journey—sometimes across the hot prairies, sometimes through almost impassible morasses, through dense forests, across streams, and up and down the rough hill-sides.

Indians they met from time to time, some of whom seemed friendly, others suspicious and revengeful. The weather was unfavorable, the roads were rough, dangers beset them on every side, and, worse than all, hate lurked in the hearts of the little band toward their leader. La Salle, always cold and haughty, made no attempt to gain the love of his men, and made no pretence of hiding his contempt for certain ones among them who, to him, seemed contemptible.

Matters were brought to a terrible climax at last. Certain

hunters who had gone to find some corn which La Salle had hidden on his previous expedition, chanced to kill a buffalo. The sight of blood was, to the hate in the hearts of these men, like fuel to a smouldering fire. Open quarrel burst forth. The long-cherished longing to murder La Salle and others in the party sprang into action. Plots were conceived and rapidly executed. Three of the party were murdered in their sleep, and then the infuriated assassins hid themselves in the long grass awaiting the coming of La Salle himself.

For two days La Salle waited in his camp the return of his men. Then unable to bear the suspense, and having a foreboding that something of this nature may have taken place, he set forth with the friar, Anastase Douay, to find his men.

"All the way," the friar afterwards wrote, "he talked of nothing but matters of piety and grace, enlarging on the debt he owed to God who had saved him from so many perils. Suddenly I saw him overcome with a sadness for which he himself could not account. So much moved was he that I could hardly know it was he."

Soon the camp where the buffalo had been killed was reached. He fired his pistol as a summons to any of his followers who might be near by. The shots reached the ears



MURDER OF LA SALLE

of the murderers who were lying in wait for him. Two of them crouched lower in the grass, while the other stood upon the river-bank to attract La Salle's attention and draw his footsteps in that direction.

Coming up to him, La Salle demanded haughtily, "Where is my nephew?"

"Along the river, I suppose," answered the man insolently.

"Your salute to your commander!" called forth La Salle, for by no token whatever had the man recognized the approach of his leader.

The hunter muttered some insolent, half-intelligible reply, and moved back.

At that moment a shot rang out upon the air. Another, and another; and La Salle dropped upon the ground dead.

The good friar stood pale with fright.

The murderers now came forth. "Fear not, good father," said they. "We have no wish to harm thee. But thou," turning to La Salle's bleeding corpse, "there thou liest, great Bashaw! There thou liest!"

Then rushing upon the dead body with the fury of wild animals, they stripped it of its clothing, beat it and cut at it, and dragged it away to the forests, leaving it there a prey to the birds and the wolves.

IBERVILLE AND BIENVILLE.

FOR some time after the death of La Salle, nothing was done about colonizing Louisiana. But at last there arose another man, Iberville, who proposed to re-discover the Mississippi, plant a colony there, and carry out the plans of La Salle.

Iberville, like La Salle, had in France a reputation for wisdom and capability. Therefore, when the colonizing scheme was again advanced by him, all intelligent Frenchmen acknowledged its importance, and were eager to see the work again carried forth.

A war between France and England was just over, and Iberville was anxious to distinguish himself in some new service to his country. Accordingly two vessels were gotten ready, and Iberville set forth. Coasting about the Florida coast, in and out among the lagoons, he came, here and there, upon villages and towns along the coast and up the river whose inhabitants always gave him cordial welcome.

One day a chief brought him a letter which he said had

been left there some thirteen years before, to be given to La Salle should he ever come to their village. This letter proved to be one which the faithful Tonty had left for his loved leader, when, after searching in vain for him, he had turned back for the Illinois.

In this letter he said that he had found the cross that La Salle had erected, fallen ; but that he had raised it again in a more secure place. That, while searching for his commander, he had coasted the Louisiana coast for thirty leagues, and the Florida coast for twenty-five.

Sure, now, that he was on the Mississippi, Iberville sailed down again, found a suitable place in which to begin a settlement, left a colony, and returned to France.

When, a little later, he had come back to his colony, he learned that English traders were pushing in above him. Finding himself menaced both by land and sea, he speedily erected cannon at the mouth of the river, shutting up the entrance from that direction.

Later he erected storehouses on Dauphine Island, and began a settlement at Mobile. The colonists soon commenced the raising of tobacco, and were in a flourishing condition.

Iberville had, indeed, gained a foothold ; and had he not died a little later, we may well suppose that French explora-

tion and colonization would have indeed made mighty strides.


At Iberville's death, his brother, Bienville, took up the uncompleted work and carried it on with wisdom and vigor.

Up the river was a rocky place, not unlike Quebec in its natural fortifications. Upon this the French had for some time looked with longing. Such a site for a future city! Such a fortification! But this very place was the seat of a powerful Indian tribe whose anger it was not wise to excite.

An opportunity soon offered itself, and Bienville was quick to take advantage. These very Indians had attacked some traders passing by, and immediately Bienville commenced the building of a fort there.

Next, having overawed these people, a fort was built on the Red River, to hold in check the Spaniards, who were already working their way toward the Mississippi with a view to engrossing the Indian trade.

It seems a pity that France was not wise enough in these times to see that the way to keep her hold upon her possessions was to colonize. Had inducements to colonists been offered, the history of the French in America would have been very different. Trade and money-getting seemed, however, to be their only thought.



Such a rich soil! Such a wealth of productions! If only people had been encouraged to go there and settle!

But, just as had been done before on the St. Lawrence, the monopoly of the trade was "let out" to one man. He was to control all the people and all the trade of the entire region. And, as he had no other object than to accumulate wealth and return to his own country, he turned every settlement into a trading-post, paying no heed to the grand possibilities of the region.

Not only was there no inducement to families to build homes for themselves, but there was equally little inducement even to build up trade; for this one monopolist was in government employ, and every barter, however small, was made to pass through this man's agents, at such a price as should be fixed by them.

This plan was a failure, as one might suppose it would be; and in five years, Crozat was glad to surrender and return to France.

After this came the "Gigantic Mississippi Scheme of John Law." This was a step in advance of the last. Under this, colonies were planted along the Mississippi River and its branches, and agriculture was encouraged. Slaves were brought from the West India Islands, and

the French began to take on the air of plantation owners.

Bienville now began the building of New Orleans. This seemed a strange site for a settlement—this bit of a delta, built of the mud and driftwood which the river was forever bringing down.

Only a few feet above the level of the sea, likely to be overflowed with every rise of the river, it is no wonder that people looked on with amazement at Bienville's choice. He, however, knew what the future would do for this spot if he could induce people to settle there and improve and fortify it.

That he was wise in his choice has since been proved, and New Orleans is to-day the metropolis of the South.

Only a little later it was discovered that ships could pass the great sandbar at the mouth of the river. Now, indeed, the great river was open to navigation, and the value of it began to be realized. Now, from Quebec to New Orleans, along the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, French trading-posts, colonies, military-posts and mission churches were everywhere to be seen. France held the two great water-routes of the New World.

MACKENZIE RIVER.

LET us turn now to the English. Surely that energetic nation has not all this time been idle. The belief in a north-west passage was like a tradition among the sailors of this nation. We will not stop to speak of the many English sailors who had set forth into the cold, barren country of the north, searching for the mythical north-west passage. It was to the English what El Dorado had been to the Spanish.

During these many attempts to find this new way to India, of one thing the English had grown certain, and that was that the bleak, desolate region about Hudson Bay was rich in fur-bearing animals. Trading-posts were at once set up, and England was drawing in a snug little revenue from her Hudson Bay fur trade. Now and then the Canadians would break in upon these English posts, but in time all was held by the English throne. The Indian inhabitants of these regions were nomadic races, and, through their help, the English were taught to

make distant journeys into the interior. Not so very much was done, because the people there cared only for fur-trading. The English government, however, were desirous that the wonderful north-west passage be found, that the glory thereof might revert to the English throne. Then, too, there was the immense advantage of holding control of a "short cut" to India, the great trading mart of the world.

A Scotch trader, Alexander Mackenzie, was, perhaps, one of the most daring explorers of his time. For eight years he had dwelt at a little trading-post half way between Hudson Bay and the Rocky Mountains. He had often asked the Indians about the country beyond the mountain range, but they could tell him little except that fierce tribes lived there—so fierce that none dared approach them.

But Mackenzie, who was an explorer by nature, was not to be frightened by any unknown tribes. He was determined to cross the continent. With one great canoe filled with provisions, he, with a few companions, set forth. Going up the Slave River, through the lakes, he came at last upon the river which now bears his name. There, although he knew it ran north into the region of ice and snow, he launched his

canoe and floated along, coming out into the open polar sea. On his way he met everywhere friendly Indians who gave him food and shelter, and were ready to direct him and give him such information as they could.

It was a fearful journey through the bitter cold and over the rough frozen country, but success crowned his efforts, and in due time Mackenzie and his men stood upon the shores of the great Pacific.



THE RUSSIANS.

YOU remember the Spaniards had coasted along the western shore and had set up crosses in the name of God and their country. Drake, too, of English fame, had, in spite of the Spanish, skirted the same shores, had taken possession in the name of the English throne, and had then merrily sailed away, eluding the Spanish, who were eagerly lying in wait to seize him on his return.

But nearly a century had elapsed since then, and neither Spanish nor English had thought it worth while to follow up their claim.

Suddenly a new claimant appeared — not from the east, but from the west. Peter the Great, the Czar of Russia, always awake to the interests of his country, seeing in the new world an opportunity for his people as well as for the English, French, or Spanish, sent out a Captain Behring of the royal navy. He, sailing out from Kamtschatka, found open water everywhere, and so settled the separation of the two continents.

On a second voyage he reached the American coast, discovered Mount Saint Elias, and the Aleutian Islands.

Behring's vessel was wrecked on one of these islands, and he himself died from injuries and exposure. His crew, however, were able to build a vessel from the wreck which served to carry them to the Asiatic shore.

As trophies, they brought from the New World skins of the otter and the fox. These at once aroused in the Russians an ambition to establish a fur trade. This was carried on at first merely through roving traders. By and by colonists from Siberia were carried over; but colonization was not the Russian *forte* any more than it had been the Spanish. There was no opportunity for agriculture in this cold, barren region, even if they had wished it. These colonists being merely vassals, and the Indian natives being merely slaves to these, there was little progress in civilization.

In time the trade passed into the control of one company, and the Russian claim in America was held only as a business speculation and was managed as such.

CAPTAIN COOK.

NEXT in rank to Sir Francis Drake as an English navigator, stood Captain James Cook. In the "Seven Year's War," of which you will hear in other histories, England had wrenched Canada from the French, and having gained so much, she was seized with an ambition to gain all. For this purpose vessels were sent to the North-west coast for the purpose of re-discovering that which Drake had so long ago taken possession of in the name of England.

In 1776, while the English colonists on the Atlantic were rebelling against the tyranny and greed of England, this new attempt to extend her territory and her power was made.

Captain James Smith, with Vancouver and Ledyard, set forth with two vessels for the northern Pacific coast.

They discovered and named the Sandwich Islands. Later he came upon Cape Flattery, and by and by upon Nootka Sound, the broad basin about which the Nootka Indians lived. These were of the same tribe as those Drake had so long

before made the acquaintance of ; and, indeed, Cook found them friendly as ever and very little changed, except that they were no longer awe-stricken at the sight of white-faced people, neither were they at all moved by the roar of cannon or the glitter of shining armor.

Here he lay by to refit his vessels, and make arrangements for an indefinite voyage into the frozen north. As he set out from Nootka, unfortunately for his future fame, his ships were blown far out from shore, so that he passed the Columbia River without the least suspicion that so great and important a water-route lay so near at hand.

When Cook came in towards land again, he was far up the coast within the Russian claims. On he sailed through the Behring Straits into the Arctic Ocean, until at Icy Cape his vessels were stopped by ice. While at Nootka, Cook had traded knives, and beads, and buttons with the natives for furs. Now, finding that there seemed nothing to be learned and nothing to be gained in this northern sea, he sailed back, stopping at Canton to sell his furs. These were found to be worth, in the fur mart, more than ten thousand dollars, and this was, perhaps, the beginning of the Canton-Nootka fur-trade.

JONATHAN CARVER.

IN England lived an old war veteran who was much given to studying the maps of the day, and who took great interest in the discoveries and advances made by all nations in this new world. In the war between France and England, he had served in the army, and had become acquainted with the country along the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes.

From studying the maps, from reading the works of Hennepin, Lahontan and others, he felt sure there must be a way across the continent, straight on from these Great Lakes. Even in Hennepin's time, the Indians had said that far away, at the source of the Missouri, was another river leading on to the sea.

"If," said Carver, to the English government, "a way across can be found, we can establish a port upon the Pacific side. Not only will this prove to be the 'North-west Passage,' but it will make communication between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific so much more direct. More than that, a

settlement on that side will not only promote useful discoveries, but will open a way to China and the English settlements in the East Indies."

This was the first time that the idea of crossing the continent to get to the far-off India was boldly set forth to the English government. It was received favorably, and, in due time, with a party of traders, Carver set forth from the Falls of St. Anthony.

Carver's movements were very like those of other explorers, including the sailing up one river and down another, the usual bartering with the Indians, together with the winter spent in their village. After entering far into the state of Minnesota, he was unable to advance farther because the gifts which were to have been sent him with which to bribe the natives, as they journeyed, did not come. There seemed nothing to be done but to return. He had accumulated a vast amount of information.

JOHN LEDYARD.

WITH Cook, in this expedition, was Corporal John Ledyard. He was a sharp-sighted, quick-witted, restless, ambitious man, full, like so many others in his day, of projects and theories concerning the north-west passage. He was far-sighted enough to know that if some way for securing the commerce of the north-west coast could be found, it would be a means of untold wealth to the nation that should control it.

Ledyard was an American; and although the American colonies had had quite all they could attend to with their war with England, he acknowledged no condition that need interfere with America's setting forth side by side with other nations in the struggle to secure the prize of this western coast.

America was now a free republic. She should take her place with other nations in this contest. The time would come when she must hold this western coast—her safety would demand it—so Ledyard said.

Ledyard was persistent. He had but this one idea. He talked it to everybody. He would talk of nothing else. "I am dying with anxiety," he said to a friend, "to penetrate to the Pacific coast. There is an immense field for exploration there. An opportunity for an explorer to win for himself honest fame, and to bring to the American nation a wealth and a possession of which they do not dream. It was well enough that a European should discover America, but now it is an American that should explore it; and an American nation that should control it."

In talking with Jefferson, so earnest and impassioned was Ledyard that Jefferson's interest was aroused. "Why not," said he, "go to Russia, cross over to Kamtschatka, then take some Russian vessel and come over to the Pacific coast. Then explore inward back to the known part of the country?"

It seems very strange to us that it should ever have been supposed to be an easy route across the continent to go the way of Siberia; but it shows how utterly an "unknown country" the interior of this continent was even as late as the beginning of this century.

Ledyard eagerly agreed to this; indeed, he would have agreed to anything, no matter how difficult or how perilous.

if he could thereby carry out his long-cherished scheme.

Nothing ever came of it, however, for the Russians, seized with jealous fear, would not allow Ledyard to cross their country. We hear little after this of this would-be explorer. He never crossed the continent, and apparently failed wholly in his plans. But the man who sets the thought in motion is not to be despised.

In setting forth his theories to Thomas Jefferson, Ledyard gave that wise man a new idea — a something to think upon. And Jefferson, long-sighted and wise as he was, soon began to realize that Ledyard's plans were, indeed, of the greatest national importance. It was the thought which so soon began to be the one great ruling idea of American statesmen.



DISCOVERY OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

AFTER the Revolution, the sleeping commercial ambition of the colonies began to awaken.

Said the merchants of Boston, and other Atlantic ports, "This war has ruined our commerce! We must wake up! We must set forth in search of new ports! Why not try what can be done with trade between China and our north-west coast?"

Accordingly two vessels, the "Columbia" and the "Washington," were fitted out, and the brand-new American flag set flying from their mast-heads.

These vessels were to go to the north-west coast, barter for furs with the Indians, then cross to Canton and exchange the furs for teas for the home market.

The owners of these vessels were far-sighted. Not only had they an eye to trade, but they saw opportunities for future establishment along this coast of a company similar to that of the Hudson Bay Company. With this in view, the masters of these vessels were instructed to purchase

land of the Indians, to build store-houses and forts along the coast, and to make any other movements which to them seemed likely to be of advantage for future trade, and for the holding of the land.

These vessels reached Nootka in due time. The "Columbia" traded successfully with the Indians, exchanged her furs for teas at Canton, and reached home three years later, having been the first to carry the new flag around the world.

As the brave "Columbia" entered the harbor at Boston, great indeed was the excitement. As she passed the forts, salutes were exchanged, and the people in the little city rushed to the wharves to know what could be the occasion of such honorable notice. Great was the excitement among the people. Bells were rung, stores were closed, and the city took on the air of a general holiday and thanksgiving.

This was Boston's second tea-party.

So great had been the success of this voyage, that again the "Columbia" was sent forth. On this second voyage, the captain passed the mouth of a large river which, as he said, was so white with breakers that he dared not force his vessel upon them. He took careful notice of its latitude, however, intending to explore at some future time. On his return, he

again neared the mouth of this river, and this time started boldly for it, all sail set.

Passing safely between the breakers, they sailed into the continent for fourteen miles, settling beyond doubt that it was in truth a new river that had been discovered. As he passed again out into the broad ocean, the captain said, "We have discovered a new river, and it shall be given an American name; it shall, from our good ship, be named *Columbia*."



LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

IT was at the beginning of this century that the United States made the purchase of Louisiana, that great tract of country which, you remember, had been taken possession of by the early explorer in the name of the French king, Louis.

It would hardly interest you to know how, at this time, the French, the Spanish, the English, and the United States were mixed and intermixed in their political relations. It is enough for you, at present, to know that the time had come when, in order to hold control of the Mississippi, it was necessary for the United States to possess the territory of Louisiana. Successful arrangements were made between the two countries, and for twenty millions of dollars this territory was ceded to the United States.

It was not that the United States needed more land ; it was not that anyone foresaw how great the American nation was to become ; but it was that the great water-route of the continent be open to commerce, and that, too, under the control of the United States government.

Napoleon, who was then at the head of France, and who hated England most heartily, is reported to have said, when Louisiana had been formally given into the hands of the Americans, "I am sorry to lose Louisiana ; but in giving it to the United States of America, it rejoices me that I have given England a rival that shall sometime humble her pride."



CANOEING.

LEWIS AND CLARKE.

WHEN Jefferson became president, he at once took steps towards exploring the Great West. This he did that he might form some estimate of the value of this great country, but more especially that he might learn whether or not the Missouri and the Columbia Rivers were likely to prove of commercial value in affording an overland route to the Pacific.

Little was known of these rivers except that they rose somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. The French had pushed on far up the river, discovering and naming several of its branches, but no settlements had been made except at the mouth of the Mississippi, and the great rich valley lay as wild and unknown as when white men had never trod American soil.

When you think that all this was only a few years ago,—within the memory of living man,—you can, perhaps, form some idea of what the sturdy valor, the determination, the perseverance of the pioneers must have been to bring

about such changes in so short a time. Should you visit the beautiful farms, the noble cities, the hundreds of flourishing villages and towns out through the "West" to-day, you would need to shut your eyes very tight, and give very free reins to your imagination in order to realize that all this was, a few years ago, a great expanse of unknown land—a vast wilderness.

The Indians of this valley built no villages as some tribes did. They lived in easily built huts which, at any time when the spirit of unrest seized them, they could easily take up, pack upon their horses' backs, and carry away. These Indians were, like the Arabs, at any time likely to "fold their tents" and "quietly steal away;" or, what is perhaps less poetical, they were likely at any time to suddenly burst forth or be burst forth upon, in battle with their neighbors, after which a "grand moving on" seemed in order.

Once a year the whole village "struck its tents" and started forth on the annual buffalo hunt. This was, indeed, a great occasion. The day and night before the departure, a great festival was held, prayers were made to the god of the chase, and a joyous setting forth, houses and all, was the order.

After meat enough for the winter had been obtained, they

again celebrated, with dancing and singing, the success of their season. So they lived; eating, drinking, sleeping, fighting, hunting,—this was all their life.

Such were the inhabitants of the country through which Lewis and Clarke had pledged themselves to journey.

In May, 1804, they started up the Missouri. All sorts of hindrances to their progress met them, as they slowly labored along through the muddy waters, — here a sandbar, there a tree wedged fast across their path, and there a sharp and hidden rock ready to cut and break the heavy keel. But all this was merely wearisome; the real obstacles were yet to come.

The winter they spent with the Indians, hunting and exploring with them, and listening to their wonderful legends of the West, the “Land of the Setting Sun.”

In the spring, the party set forth into a region full of danger and hardship.

The river grew more and more difficult to navigate; the Yellowstone was passed, and in May they came into full sight of the lofty Rockies, their tops hidden among the clouds.

On they went, Lewis and Clarke scouting ahead, with rifle in hand. At last, from a high bluff, Lewis saw, far

away in the distance, a cloud of mist rising high out of the plain.

Could this be the Great Fall of which the Indians had told them? The fall that rose in a great, white veil to the heavens above?

The Indians had told them truly. Here they stood at the great mountain gorge where the Missouri, at headlong speed, rushes down the precipice into the bottomless cañon, thousands of feet below the plain.

Around this fall, for a distance of eighteen miles, the boats were dragged and again launched upon the restless river. Little could be done with them amid the rocks and whirlpools, and rough-hewed boats from logs were made, with which for a few miles more the explorers were able to make their way.

But now navigation was at an end. Scouts were sent east, west, north, and south in search of Indians from whom horses and guides might be obtained. But none could be found. Once a mountain-trail was found, but it was lost again in the steep, rocky mountain sides. No horsemen could pass these mountains, the scouts declared.

But horses and guides must be had. "I myself will find them," said Lewis, "and I will return with them or die."

So forth alone into the rocky, barren country went Lewis, knowing well that upon him depended the success or failure of the whole expedition.

On went Lewis, reaching at last the highest source of the Missouri. Here, three thousand miles from its mouth, was the little mountain brook from which sprang the great, tempestuous Missouri. Now he was upon the ridge dividing the Columbia and the Missouri. Crossing it, full of hope, Lewis followed the Columbia along its course, coming at last upon a little Indian village — the village of the Shoshones.

Never did man look with more eagerness upon another human face than did Lewis look upon this filthy little village of Indians.

As he advanced, the Indians started forth to meet him, drawing off their shoes as they came near. This, as Lewis afterwards gladly learned, was the Shoshone manner of expressing their good-will and peaceful intentions.

The Indians could not at first believe Lewis when he told them by signs and in broken language that he had come from over the mountains. Some of them, at last, were persuaded to go back with him, and to bring with them horses and guides for the white men's use.

Provided thus with guides and horses, Lewis and Clarke

again started forth, following a hidden trail known only to the Indians themselves. Weeks were thus spent in crossing the terrible mountain passes. So through the mountain snows, over the sharp rocks, famishing with hunger and worn out with the hard march, the little band tramped on, at last coming out on the Pacific side.

Now, on they went, guided by the Indians, over broad tracts of waste land, by river after river, until at last they reached one upon which their guides assured them they could safely embark. This proved to be one of the branches of the Columbia. Embarking, they came into a larger branch to which they gave the name of Lewis River, and reached, a few days later, the junction of another branch, to which they gave the name of Clarke River.

On they went. Everywhere were Indians, none of whom seemed disposed to be unfriendly. Lewis and Clarke did not fear them. "Indeed, why should we," they would say, "are we not already half Indian ourselves? Have we not learned to eat dog-meat, to dress, and look, and act, and speak, even, like Indians?"

In November the sound of breakers was heard ahead; tides were noticeable; the Pacific was reached at last! The overland route was explored!

PIKE'S PEAK.

IN 1806, Zebulon Pike, who had shown himself an enthusiastic explorer, was sent out through the country of the Osages, who were at war with the Kansas tribe. He was, if possible, to bring about peace between these tribes, and then with them for guides, go on up the Arkansas to find its direction, extent, and navigation.

From the grand Osage village they set forth accompanied by a long train of warriors, who in this way were proud to do honor to these white men whom they considered their guests.

When at last, from a high ridge, the Kansas prairies came suddenly to view, "it seemed," as Pike used to say in telling of his explorings, "as if a view of Paradise had broken upon his sight."

Farther on were the Pawnee Indians, a tribe of such evil reputation that even to Pike's brave heart there was little hope of making peace with them. Still it was necessary to go to them, and as Pike was never the leader to retreat be-

fore any imaginary evil, they pressed onward, meaning to make friends with these revengeful Pawnees if in any way so happy a condition could be brought about.

And perhaps they might have succeeded ; but before they had reached the Pawnee village, the Spaniards, three hundred strong, had come from New Mexico for the especial purpose of stirring up the Pawnees against the coming Americans.

When Pike, with his twenty-three followers, came into the village, therefore, they were looked upon, indeed, with contempt. Numbers, with the Indians, meant power, and the Indians were never slow to place themselves upon the side of numbers.

When Pike came, he found the Pawnees entertaining their three hundred guests in the usual Indian manner of festive celebrations. Judging at once that it would be policy to keep in favor with the nation that seemed to present the greatest number of warriors, as they called them, the Pawnees hesitated not in the least to show their contempt for the little band. Sneers and insults were not to keep the little band from their duty ; and their duty just then was to demand respect from these savages — respect for the United States government. Accordingly, Pike hoisted his flag in

the Pawnee town to show that black looks and insulting words could not frighten away even a small band of twenty-three, when those twenty-three were sent by the United States government.

Pike then went back to the Arkansas and set himself to work to trace that river to its source. For weeks the party slowly ascended the river. The great mountain peaks came slowly to view, and the river, growing smaller and smaller, lost itself at last among the hills.

The Arkansas was now explored to its very source, and the country along its banks was known to be fertile and rich, well worthy the attention of the government that had explored it and had set its seal of possession upon it.

Now Pike set forth upon an expedition across the country, hoping to find the source of the Red River. A terrible journey lay before them. Winter had already set in. Every day brought fresh difficulties. The streams were freezing, the snow-drifts were piling higher and higher, covering the ravines through which lay the river's course.

Defeated! There seemed but one thing left to do : to find the old Spanish trail from Santa Fé to the Platte. But even this was lost ; and now discouraged, hungry, without shelter, yet held together by the indomitable will and courage of

their leader, they struggled on until they reached a river which was believed to be the one for which they were seeking.

Here they built a rough camp, and hoped to find shelter and defence until spring should again open up the way for them.

One day while Pike was out hunting, two Spaniards rode up, saying, "We come to give you welcome. You are but two days' journey from Santa Fé."

Trusting them, Pike took them back to his camp and entertained them in honest hunter fashion until they were ready to return.

It was only a few days later, however, that there rode into the camp a squadron of Spanish horse. "I arrest you," said the leader, "for trespassing on Spanish ground. This is the Rio Grande, and this territory is under control of Spain."

It was evident, now, that the two Spaniards who had first come were but spies. Notwithstanding the attempts of Pike to explain his presence within Spanish limits, notwithstanding the straightforward story he had to tell of his explorations, he and his men were seized as prisoners. Nothing could, perhaps, give you a better idea of the condition of the brave men, a better idea of the hardships they had under-

gone, than Pike's own account. In a written account of these times, he says :—

“ When we presented ourselves at Santa Fé, I was dressed in a pair of blue trousers, moccasins, blanket-coat, and a cap made of scarlet cloth lined with fox-skins, and my poor fellows in leggings, breech-cloths, and leather coats. There was not a hat in the whole party. Our appearance was extremely mortifying to us all, especially as soldiers; and although some of the officers would frequently say to me, that ‘worth made the man,’ yet the first impression made on the ignorant is hard to eradicate; and greater proof cannot be given of the ignorance of the common people here than their asking if we lived in houses, or camps like the Indians, or if we wore hats in our country.”

Pike's work would almost seem lost except that he aroused so great an interest in the western part of the country, especially in the southern part, which up to that time had attracted little attention. Here is Pike's own account of the village of the “Warm Springs” as he saw it during his days of captivity:—

“The village of the Warm Springs, or Aqua Caliente,” he tells us, “at a distance presents to the eye a square enclosure of mud walls, the houses forming the wall. They are flat on

top, or with very little ascent on one side, where spouts carry off the water of the melting snow and rain, when it falls, which, we were told, had been but once in two years.

"The houses were all of one story, the doors narrow, the windows small, and in one or two houses there were talc lights. This village had a mill near it, situated on the little creek of the same name, which made very good flour. The population consisted of perhaps five hundred Indians, civilized, but of much mixed blood.

"Here we had a dance which is called the "fandango," but there was one other, which was copied from the Mexicans and is now danced in the first societies of New Spain, and has even been introduced at the court of Madrid.

"The greatest natural curiosity is the warm springs, of which there are two, each affording sufficient water for a mill seat. They appeared to be impregnated with copper, and were more than 33° above blood-heat. From this village the Indians drove off two thousand horses at one time when at war with the Spaniards.

"St John's (San Juan) was also enclosed by a mud wall and probably contained one thousand souls; its population also chiefly consisted of civilized Indians, as indeed do al

the villages of New Mexico, the whites not forming the one-twentieth part of the inhabitants.

"The house-tops of this village, as well as the streets, were crowded when we entered it. At the door of the public quarters, we were met by the priest. When the officer in charge of my escort dismounted, and embraced him, all the poor creatures who stood around strove to kiss the ring or hand of the holy father. My men were taken to the quarters provided for them, and I went to the priest's, who offered me coffee, chocolate, or whatever else he had, and bid me consider myself at home in his house.

"Santa Fé, the capital, is situated along the banks of a small creek, which comes down from the mountains, and runs west to the Rio del Norte. Although it is but three streets in width, it is about a mile long. Seen from a distance, I was struck with the resemblance to a fleet of flat-boats floating down the Ohio in the spring. There are two churches, whose fine steeples form a striking contrast to the squalid appearance of the houses around them.

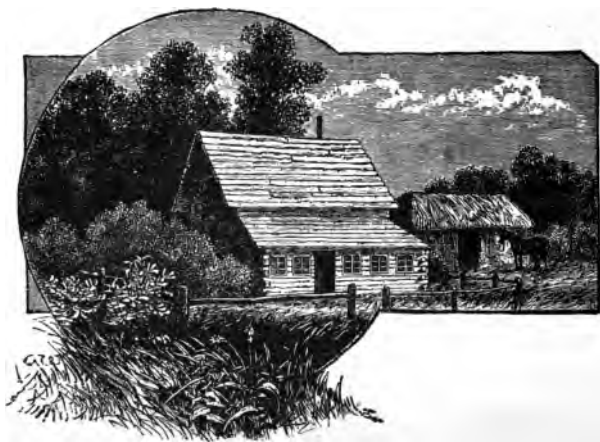
"In the center is the public square, or plaza, one side of which forms the flank of the soldiers' square, which is closed and in some degree defended by round towers in the angles which flank the four curtains; another side of the square is

formed by the palace of the governor, his guard-houses, etc. The third side is occupied by the priests and their suite, and the fourth by the Chapetones who reside in the city. The houses are generally only one story high, with flat roofs, and have a very mean appearance on the outside, though some are richly furnished, especially with plate. The supposed population is four thousand five hundred souls. On our entering the town, the crowd was very great, and followed us to the government house. When we dismounted, we were taken through various rooms, the floors of which were covered with buffalo-robcs, bear-skins, or those of other animals, to a chamber where we waited for some time, until his excellency appeared.

“We passed the encampment of the caravan, going out with about fifteen thousand sheep for the other provinces, from which they bring back merchandise. This expedition consisted of about three hundred men, chiefly citizens, who were escorted by an officer and forty soldiers. They come together at Ciboletta in February, and separate there on their return in March. A similar expedition goes out in the autumn. At other times of the year no citizen travels over the road, the couriers alone excepted. At the pass of the Rio del Norte, the couriers meet and exchange packets,

when each returns to his own province. We met a caravan of fifty men and probably two hundred horses, loaded with goods for New Mexico.

"Saturday morning, March 21, we arrived at the Paso del Norte, through a mountainous country. We put up at the house of Don Francisco Garcia, who is a wealthy merchant and planter. He had, in the neighborhood, twenty thousand sheep and one thousand cows. We were received in a most hospitable manner by Don Pedro Roderique Rey, the lieutenant-governor, and Father Joseph Prado, the vicar of the place. This was by far the most flourishing town we had so far been in."



EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

BUT now we are coming upon the time when the Great West is to be looked upon as something more than a great unknown, with only Indians and here and there an explorer.

First, there were the trappers — rude enough men, fond of travel and adventure. They came at first, perhaps, to explore ; then they began to come to stay.

Their huts in the mountains began to be looked upon almost as settlements ; they were places, at least, where white men had, for one reason or another, found it worth while to make a home, such as it was.

Then came the “backwoodsman,” as the world has seen fit to call him. The backwoodsman was the first to actually make a “clearing,” and build for himself a cabin which should really be a temporary home, in which, or near which, he should stay. The “trapper’s” home, if such it can be called, had been merely a rude hut from which the trapper could set out on his wild raids over the country.



CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS.

The backwoodsman was usually some eccentric creature, who, for some real or imaginary reason, wished to escape from the sight of his fellow-men. He would select some wild spot, make a clearing, build his rude house, and live by hunting. There he would live, perhaps, for some time; then his restless nature getting the better of him, he would shoulder his gun, call his dogs, and set forth in search of a new place.

Neither the trapper nor the backwoodsman, much as they did towards opening up the country, revealing its secrets and bringing to light its resources, can hardly be said to have done very much toward making the West a home for civilized people.

It was the emigrant who did this. He, starting out from the East with his odd looking covered wagons, taking with him his family and all his worldly possessions, went westward with the intention of making there a home for his family, where his children might grow up in health and happiness, where his broad acres might bring him food and comfort, and perhaps, by and by, even wealth.

We should think it an odd sight, perhaps, to see these emigrants setting forth. Such an odd looking wagon, covered with some heavy material that should serve as protection from the cold and rain.

In this wagon would be stored all the household goods they had been able to bring with them, and in among them sat the emigrant family as they traveled along. At evening the wagon would be drawn up in some sheltered spot near a spring or a brook if such could be found, the cattle would be turned loose to crop the grass so sweet and fresh, while the good wife with a bright camp-fire would prepare the family supper.

In this manner the emigrant would travel, week after week, until he could find a place that seemed to him a happy one for a settlement.

Here he would, as the backwoodsman had done, make a clearing, and build his rude cabin-home. But this man had come to stay. He had the hope to better his condition, to make a home for his family, and to grow up with the country should it ever come about that villages and towns should spring up around him.

He began at once to "break up" his forty acres of land, to fence it in, to plant it, and make for himself a farm which should supply him with the necessities of life.

Many wonderful stories had these pioneers to tell of their life in the early times. Such wonderful bear stories, boys! and the Indian stories, I suppose, would delight your hearts!

But life was n't all sunshine in those days, you may be sure neither were the adventures all grandly exciting with wonderfully happy endings. There were seasons of cold and starvation, there were Indian massacres, and there were deadly encounters with the hungry wolves of the country. In our story-books all these end with the happy deliverance of the settlers from the very jaws of death; but in the real life of the times, I am afraid there were suffering, and dread and death, of which you and I little dream.

THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

THE long grass, burned brown
In the summer's fierce heat,
Snaps brittle and dry
'Neath the traveler's feet,
As over the prairie,
Through all the long day,
His white, tent-like wagon
Moves slow on its way.

THE GREAT WEST.

Safe and snug with the goods
Are the little ones stowed,
And the big boys trudge on
By the team in the road;
While his sweet, patient wife,
With the babe on her breast,
Sees their new home in fancy,
And longs for its rest.

But hark! in the distance
That dull, trampling tread;
And see how the sky
Has grown suddenly red!
What has lighted the west
At the hour of noon?
It is not the sunset,
It is not the moon!

The horses are rearing
And snorting with fear,
And over the prairie
Come flying the deer,
With hot, smoking haunches
And eyes rolling back,
As if the fierce hunter
Were hard on their track.

The mother clasps closer
The babe on her arm,
While the children cling to her
In wildest alarm;
And the father speaks low;
As the red light mounts higher
"We are lost! we are lost!"
'Tis the prairie on fire!"

The boys, terror-stricken,
Stand still,—all but one;
He has seen in a moment
The thing to be done :
He has lighted the grass,
The quick flames leap in air;
And the pathway before them
Lies smoking and bare !

Now the fire-fiend behind
Rushes on in his power,
But nothing is left
For his wrath to devour;
On the scarred, smoking earth,
They stand safe, every one,
While the flames in the distance
Sweep harmlessly on.

Then reverently under
The wide sky they kneel,
With spirits too thankful
To speak what they feel;
But the father, in silence,
Is blessing his boy;
While the mother and children
Are weeping for joy.



CAMPING OUT AT NIGHT.

THE PLATTE VALLEY.

IN 1812, the war with England put a stop for a time to exploration, but when peace was declared, one of the first things the government did was to send Maj. Long to the Missouri to learn if there could not a better route to cross the continent be found than the one Lewis and Clarke had followed.

Long's party spent the winter in camp near Council Bluffs, and from there set forth into the country of the Pawnees. Here he received a more friendly welcome than Pike's party had received, but his account of their manners and customs agreed fully with that of Pike.

In the course of their exploration, they ascended the mountain now called Long's Peak, passed along the Arkansas and its largest branch as far as Fort Smith, and from there through the rapidly increasing settlements to the Mississippi. The upper waters of the Platte and Arkansas these explorers reported, on their return, as lying in a region so sandy and barren that it could never be of any use.

"No one," said they, "would ever be able to live there. To get water enough even for our little party we had to dig into the river beds. There is little wood there, no game, indeed nothing but a great desolate waste of country."

There is no doubt that the country looked all this to the explorers, but I wonder what they would think now if they were to see that very country with its trees and waters, its farms and villages?

THOMAS H. BENTON.

NO account of the growth of the West would, I suppose, be complete or fair without one good word for Thomas H. Benton. He was a Tennessee man, but after the war with England, he went to St. Louis. This city was little more than a growing village then, but Benton was far-sighted enough to see that it was sure to become the center of the activities of the Great West.

In St. Louis he found a company of fur-traders who had refused to mingle with the people of the country, but who had clung to their own language and customs, and had kept their own form of government. Indeed, it was held almost an act of a traitor for one to learn the English language. Although living a frontier life, these French traders had kept themselves aloof from the "common people," as they called those who had come from "the States" and had settled about them. Outside of the city, the State of Missouri was made up of actual settlers from the East. One writer, in speaking of this state in 1816, says there were

only thirty families left of the Missouri River ; but that in three years only the number had increased to nearly eight hundred families. From this you can form some idea of how fast the West was filling up, and how rapidly it was coming to be a power in the land.

Mr. Benton found these fur traders carrying on a large business, and carrying on, also, a feeling of jealousy of American colonization quite as strong as that of the English on the Pacific coast.

Oregon was at this time a "bone of contention" between America and England. The Columbia River and its basin were known to be of great value, and naturally both nations were anxious to possess it. A compromise had been made which served to prevent actual war between the two nations ; but the West was very dissatisfied with the terms of the compromise, and rebelled at the advantages the English were gaining. Every year England's hold was growing stronger and America's growing weaker. "It looks," said the Western people, "as if we were afraid of England."

The government realized that England ought to be kept away, and that the United States should control all, from coast to coast, within certain limits of latitude. Still, Major Long had said the country there was so barren and desolate

that it was of no value whatever. So it was that, when Benton appealed to the government in behalf of this part of the country, the government said, "Yes, we know it would be well to control it, but it isn't worth the trouble and ill-feeling that would be aroused if we should attempt to take possession by force."

Mr. Benton, however, did not give up. He was disgusted with England's behavior in Oregon, and more disgusted with the fear that the United States government seemed to show.

From Jefferson, Benton had learned of his pet plan regarding the Great West, and he made up his mind to carry out what Jefferson had so wisely begun.

At the close of 1841, there were only about a hundred and fifty Americans in Oregon. Marcus Whitman, a missionary there, was wise enough to see that the best way to get possession of Oregon was to take possession by emigration. "This," said he, "will be the best army you can send to occupy the country."

Benton not only accepted this idea, but he at once, active man that he was, set to work to bring it about. He petitioned the government to send a surveyor at once to search out and clear the way for the very best path through the mountains to Oregon.

With Kit Carson as their guide, the surveying party, with John C. Fremont at its head, set forth up the Kansas valley as far as the Big Blue, crossing over to the junction of the Platte. Here the party separated, some going up the South Fork, others up the North Fork.

At Laramie, Fremont learned that the mountains beyond were swarming with Indians out on the war-path, declaring that no white men should pass.

Fremont paid little heed to these reports, but went forward. It was at this time that the highest of Rocky Mountain peaks was ascended and given the name of Fremont's Peak. Can you remember now that the three greatest landmarks in the Rocky Mountains, Pike's Peak, Long Peak, and Fremont's Peak, are named from these three explorers,—Pike, Long, and Fremont?

Fremont made no great discoveries, but his accurate accounts, his fine descriptions, his delightful reports of what he had seen, did much to break down the error that Major Long had set afloat regarding the barrenness of the country. As he proved that emigrants need not starve in crossing this country, he did much to encourage emigration.

So valuable was his report that he was sent on a second



—
JOHN O. FREMONT.

expedition by the government, this time to explore through a section of the country about the lower Columbia.

Emigration had already commenced in good earnest. As Fremont started out from the Missouri, he was accompanied by a large band of emigrants on their way to Sacramento. These emigrants had with them the machinery for a saw-mill, intending, you see, to begin work in their new home, build for themselves houses, and by and by, perhaps, supply lumber for other builders and traders.

The English traders on the Pacific began to understand, as these emigrants poured in day after day, that Oregon was getting American in its nature altogether too fast. It made little difference if the English did hold the reins of government, if the community was to be all Americans, and the English were quick enough to see this. Accordingly, English emigrants were summoned. A contest had indeed begun. Dr. Whitman, who is never to be forgotten in the history of Oregon, set forth at once to Washington to report these English proceedings. Now the government was forced to send an army to protect its people on the Pacific coast.

TEXAS BECOMES A STATE.

IT was in 1821, that Mexico seeing the grand results of freedom in the United States, threw off her heavy yoke of Spanish rule, and invited American emigration.

During all these years the Spanish missions had fallen into disuse. It had been proved over and over that the native Americans could not live under the restrictions, as they seemed to them, of civilization. They grew sickly and unhappy, and wasted away most miserably.

Now every possible inducement for settlers to come to Texas was offered. The city of Austin was settled, and emigration poured in from up and down the Mississippi, even the oldest states contributing not a little to the great tide.

Any state thus hurriedly settled must of course have brought within its limits many objectionable people.

It was not very many years before Texas, rebelling at the Spanish government which Mexico held over it, declared itself free and independent. War broke out; and, as you

may easily understand, since now Texas was so largely settled by people from the United States, a rebellion in Texas virtually meant war between the United States and Mexico.

The colonists from the United States were far more wide-awake and energetic than were the Mexicans ; and as they began to build up their neat, pretty little houses, and to cultivate their lands, and send their great herds of branded cattle roaming about over the unbounded prairies, it is little wonder the Mexicans began to be jealous of these newcomers and to have no little fear of them.

It was for this reason that when, in 1833, Stephen Austin (after whom the Texan city is named) went to the Mexican capital to ask that Texas be taken into the Mexican union, it was months before any satisfactory reply could be gained. Austin was out of all patience with the delay, and secretly sent a letter to the Texas people, telling them to rise at once and declare themselves a " State " in spite of all. The Mexican government got its hand upon this letter in some way or other, and at once put Austin into prison, and poured down upon the Texans torrents of threats.

This was more than the fiery Texans could endure. Not an American Texan but burned for revenge. " We are a

match, every one of us," said they, "for a hundred Mexicans."

Then up rose "Old Sam Houston," as he was called. "I have lived among the Indians, I have fought under Andrew Jackson, and I can lead a rebellion against Mexic power, if need be. Organize, boys, and we will fight this out like soldiers."

And there was, from time to time, no little sharp fighting with the Mexican power for several years.

The United States government was, of course, interested ; and when at last Texas declared herself independent and free, and had made a government of her own, with Sam Houston at its head, the United States was forced to settle the matter of whether Texas should be admitted to the Union or not.

Said the North, "We do not want to get into trouble with Mexico ; we cannot afford another war ; and, above all, we want no more slave states."

Said the South, "We will have Texas if we fight for it. Texas is a slave state, and we want as many slave states as we can have."

Mexico, meantime, stood defiantly, saying, "Annex Texas to your Union, if you dare."

But just as John Tyler, the United States president, was

going out of office, Congress voted to accept Texas as a new state belonging to, and hereafter under the protection of, the United States government. Fancy the delight of the Southerners and the fury of the Northerners.

War broke out, — not a war for freedom, but a war for conquest.

Old Zachary Taylor, a bluff old soldier in the United States army, was sent down to the Rio Grande, there to dispute the advance of the Mexicans.

It was at Palo Alto that the first battle was fought. There the Mexicans, six thousand strong, dressed in the gorgeous colors of which they were always so fond, and looking, as Taylor afterwards said, like so many bright-feathered tropical birds, met for the first battle with their northern foe.

It was early in the morning that the battle began. Soon it was raging wildly throughout the plain. The American artillery poured out its deadly fire, mowing down lines of Mexicans. In the midst of all this horror, cruel enough in itself, another, all uncounted on by either side, arose. The prairie grass took fire, and in an instant a great roaring wave of smoke and fire came rolling over the prairie. Both armies were driven before it ; but Taylor, always the more clear-headed the more confused the conditions, so moved

that when the wave of fire had passed, leaving its great blackened waste behind, the American army had gained the advantage in position and in distance.

All day long the firing was kept up ; but the Mexicans, driven back step by step, had now retreated to the river. Nothing but the darkness of the night restrained the fury of either side. But when, after the long, dark hours were passed, through which the groans of the dying filled the air, and the pale, cold faces of the dead showed the armies how dearly either army would win success, both Mexicans and Americans arose like giants refreshed with sleep, ready to sweep down upon each other and renew the slaughter of the day before.

The rising sun showed the Mexicans firmly intrenched in a great ravine across the road, their cannon so placed that at first approach seemed impossible.

For a moment Taylor coolly surveyed the scene. "Looks threatening, does n't it ?" said he, to a brother officer.

"Can't be done," was the reply.

"Got to be done," was the brief reply. Then, turning to his men, he commanded, "Charge, guns, bayonets! Charge!" Like a great gust of wind the Americans charged upon the enemy. Straight up to the cannon's mouth, over the

batteries, down upon the gunners swept the soldiers, carrying fire and death with every flash of the bayonet, with every discharge from their guns.

The Mexicans fled in terror before such fury. All order lost, confusion everywhere, they rushed, pell-mell, to the river bank. Only one flatboat to carry them across! Now here at the river's bank followed a scene of wildest terror. Nothing but the selfish, wild impulse to save each his own life prevailed. Some plunged into the waters trying to swim across; many were trampled under the feet of men and horses; uproar and the wildest confusion filled the air.

So ended these first battles of the war with Mexico, the battles of *Palo Alto* and *Resaca de la Palma*.



INVASION OF MEXICO.

ENCOURAGED by this success, Taylor pushed on into the Mexican territory. The first attack was upon the city of Monterey. To have seen this city one would suppose would have been enough to frighten back any army; for it was surrounded on all sides by the rocky heights of the mountains. On one of these heights stood the bishop's palace, a great white limestone building looking in itself a defiance to any attacking force.

For three days the Americans encamped before the city, studying the best way to make an attack. At last it was decided that Gen. Worth should attack this palace in the rear, while Gen. Taylor, with the main army, should begin cannonading the center of the town.

It was a hard, brief battle; and in the end, in spite of the strong fortifications, the Americans had taken the city.

On Taylor went, carrying all before him, until, at last, so subdued were the Mexicans that the very approach of the American army was the signal for their surrender. At each

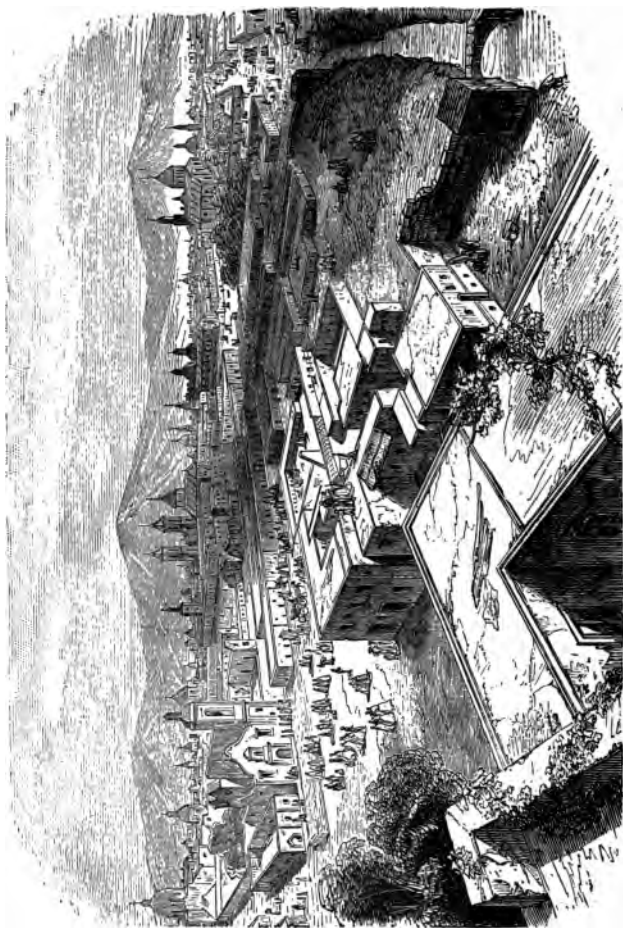
town, Kearny, one of Taylor's strong generals, would march straight to the house of the *Alcaide*, or mayor, and demand that he take the "oath of allegiance." So Kearny marched on to the city of Santa Fé.

Although we have little time to give to the war with Mexico in this volume, we must not pass it over without reference to Gen. Scott, another of our generals in this war, and to Santa Anna, the leader on the Mexican side. There are always certain names so associated with historical events as to be as inseparable from them as Santa Claus from Christmas. In this Mexican war, we always think at once of Gen. Scott and Gen. Taylor on our side, opposed to Santa Anna on the Mexican side.

Santa Anna was no mean foe; and in the terrible battle of Buena Vista, nothing but the almost insane fury of Taylor's forces, together with the lack of cool-headedness in Santa Anna's men, could have succeeded in driving back the Mexican army.

When Taylor had carried the day at Buena Vista, he returned home, leaving Scott to finish the work.

Scott came with his great "Army of Invasion," as he called it, to Vera Cruz, and marched across the country on



THE CITY OF MEXICO.

to Chapultepec, driving Santa Anna's army before him as before a devouring fire.

Once more Mexico was conquered; peace was made; a treaty was signed in which Mexico gave the United States undisputed right to Texas, and the territory of California and of New Mexico.

This is the only war, in the history of our people, waged simply to extend our territory, and we will hope there will never be another like it. It is bad enough to sacrifice human life in a contest over some principle of right, as was done in our Revolution and in our Civil War, but for men to meet and kill each other by the thousands over anything less than a principle, — for a mere tract of land, — is a brutal and unnecessary thing in these days of civilization.



CONQUEST OF NEW MEXICO.

WHILE this hard fighting was going on in Old Mexico, the United States had, with very little trouble, taken possession of New Mexico and California. It was necessary that New Mexico be taken, because through that territory extended the route to California; and if California was to be in the possession of the United States, it was, of course, quite necessary that the Spaniards should not be in control of this route.

For this object Gen. Kearny had set out with an army, one battalion of which was made up of Mormons. They were rather a strange company, these Mormons; for they, intending, when they had reached California, to settle there and build up a state for themselves, brought along with them their wives and children, and as much as possible of their household goods.

A well-known historian, in speaking of this oddly made up army, says:—

“There was something very striking in the half-military,

half-patriarchal appearance of these armed fanatics, thus on their way, with their wives and children, to found, it might be, a Mormon empire in California.

"In the morning the country was covered with mist. We were always early risers, but before we were ready, the voices of men driving in the cattle sounded all around us. As we passed above their camp, we saw through the obscurity that the tents were falling, and the ranks rapidly forming; and, mingled with the cries of women and children, the rolling of the Mormon drums, and the clear blast of their trumpets, sounded through the mist.

"From that time to the journey's end, we met almost every day long trains of government wagons, laden with stores for the troops, crawling at a snail's pace towards Santa Fé."

Kearny marched on up the upper Arkansas, over the old Spanish route to Santa Fé, took possession of the city, and declared New Mexico taken in the name of the United States.

Then he established a government, and marched on to California. Little resistance was met, and, for most part, the towns readily submitted and took the oath of allegiance.

As Kearny neared California, he was met by a messenger

saying that California, too, had submitted without a struggle.

One little incident in Kearny's march shows how bitterly, all these years, the Indians had cherished their old hate of the Spaniards. At this time a number of the Apaches came into Kearny's camp, saying, "You have already taken New Mexico. Go on; you will take California! For three hundred years have our tribes hated the Spaniards for their cruel treatment of our forefathers. We will fight with you against these Mexicans! We hate them, and we thirst for revenge! We will kill them every one!"



A CALIFORNIA SCENE.—AMONG THE BIG TREES.

THE TAKING OF CALIFORNIA.

THE messenger who met Kearny on his way to California was Kit Carson, the same one of whom you have heard before as Fremont's guide in his journeying across the country.

Fremont, sent out on a third expedition, this time into California, had marched up the Sacramento valley to Sutter's Fort, where he set himself to watch proceedings.

Rumors of the war now began to come thick and fast. The Californians were quarreling among themselves, and the American settlers were in daily fear of an outbreak from the threatening Mexicans.

A company was formed, with Fremont at its head, and without any warning this little band marched upon Sonoma and Presidio of San Francisco, taking the garrison completely by surprise, driving them from their strongholds, and so getting possession of all the country lying north of San Francisco Bay.

In this manner California fell into Fremont's power. It is spoken of in history as the "Bear Flag Revolution," from the fact that the flag which Fremont and his followers carried had upon it the likeness of a bear.

THE MORMONS IN UTAH.

THE Mormons are a class of people who have a very peculiar religion.

The sect originated in this way: There was living in Vermont a man named Joseph Smith, who claimed to have had marvelous revelations from God. When he was but eighteen years of age, so he says, an angel came to him and said, "Joseph, you are to be the spiritual leader of the world. Go to Manchester, New York, and there in a mountain you will find some plates of metal on which are written some divine messages. You will find, also, two transparent stones, called, long ago, the Urim and the Thummim. Read the plates through these glasses, and you will receive the revelation which you are to give to the people."

Now, as Smith's record in all the towns in which he had lived was not even a moral one, it seems hardly probable that he would have been chosen as the means through which any divine revelation should be given to the world.

Still there were people who believed in him, and by and by he had quite a band of followers.

With these Smith went first to Missouri, but the Missouri people, — let us ever remember it to their credit, — arose in a body and drove the Mormons from the state. In Killand, Ohio, Smith was “tarred and feathered” by the indignant people of that city; and in Illinois, a few years later, Smith was arrested and imprisoned for treason. When the people knew that he was in the Carthage prison, a band of exasperated men dressed themselves like scare-crows, painted and blackened their faces, broke into Smith's cell, and killed him.

Great excitement swept over the Mormon people. Their prophet was dead. Terrible threats were poured out upon the wicked people who had thus dared to lay hands on this divinely inspired man, but for some reason the threats were never carried out,— no one was “struck dead,”—and Brigham Young, one of Smith's close followers, declared himself divinely directed to take Smith's place as leader of the people.

The Mormons now thought it wise to move farther west, and into some territory not yet settled, where they would not be subject to the persecutions of the wicked world. Accord-

ingly they went to Utah and built Salt Lake City, which is still their home.

Utah was at that time a great dry plain, overgrown with sage bush, and presenting but little likelihood of ever being a tract of any value to the country. So when we want to think well of the Mormons, we will remember that they were Utah's first settlers, that they did the hard labor of pioneers, and so helped to bring this arid country into its present condition of usefulness.



EL DORADO.

WHEN California came into the possession of the United States, no one suspected what a valuable tract of land we had gained. To be sure it had a beautiful climate, the soil was fertile, and there was a fine coast line with many excellent harbors, but of the wealth of gold stored away in its rocky heart no one even dreamed.

In the very month in which the treaty with Mexico was made, a man named Captain Sutter, who had a large "ranche" in the Sacramento valley, made the discovery of gold.

"What shining sand this is," said one of his hired farm men; "see it sparkle in the sun!"

"Perhaps it's gold," said his comrade, jokingly.

"Perhaps it is," returned the first man, more seriously. "I've a mind to take some of it home and test it."

"I would n't load myself down too heavily with it," laughed his companion. "You know the English colonists found some gold-sand once."

But the man who held the sand in his hand saw a difference between the golden grains and the other ordinary sand grains. "It will do no harm to test it at any rate," said he.

So he carried home a pocketful, and, sure enough, gold it proved to be! From that hour Captain Sutter's fortune was made; indeed, the fortune of all California was made!

Such an excitement as followed! Not an adventurer in America but rushed to California—to the land of gold—to the long-sought El Dorado!

From every part of the United States, from England, from France, from Germany, ship-loads of people poured into the port of San Francisco. The pretty little town soon found itself a crowded city. The valleys and the hillsides, east, west, north, and south, were torn up by these eager searchers after gold.

Of course it all proved a sad failure and disappointment to many of these seekers for wealth. Now and then a man would happen upon a great nugget, and so make a speedy fortune. But the greater part of the people found their wealth only by long digging and slow accumulation of small bits here and there. Many found no gold at all, and after years of bitter hardship and hard, hard work, either settled



GOLD WASHING IN CALIFORNIA.

down to honest farming, or returned to their homes sadder, if not wiser, men.

The "gold fever," although it enriched few people, and made poor a great number, served to populate the state and open up trade with the Pacific coast much earlier than it otherwise would have been brought about.

California soon asked admission to the Union, and you will be glad to hear that one of the first senators sent to Congress was the John Fremont who had first declared California the property of the United States.

You must understand, now, that whenever a settlement asked to be admitted to the Union, there was the same struggle to be gone over in congress. If it was to be a free state, then the Northern senators voted for its admission, and the Southern senators fought against it. If, on the other hand, it was to be a slave state, then the Southern senators smiled upon the request, and the Northern senators scowled at it. It was not a question of whether or not the settlers deserved the protection of the United States government, and were entitled to their part in the law-making, but simply "Will the new state senators, when they come into congress, vote in the interests of slavery or against them?"

With the admission of each new state, the quarrel was brought up and fought over again.

Only a few years more and Arizona was bought from the Mexicans. This was then spoken of as the "Gadsden purchase" because it was General James Gadsden who went to the Mexican government on behalf of our government.

At that time, Arizona was little known. It looked like a great hot, sandy tract of land ; and although the Indians persisted in calling it the "Land of Silver," it looked so little like anything but sand that Congress was censured quite severely for paying such a price for it. That Congress was wise beyond her own knowledge, perhaps, we have since learned.



KANSAS-NEBRASKA STRUGGLE.

EVER since the war in Mexico, the anti-slavery sentiment at the North had been growing stronger and stronger, and the South saw that if it was to control the nation in the future, as in the past, there must be as many slave states as free states in the Republic, and when Kansas and Nebraska, two territories made from the Louisiana purchase, asked for admission to the Union, the feeling between the two sections was very bitter.

Of course the usual quarrel went on in congress, ending this time in a bill that allowed the people of these two states to decide for themselves whether they should be slave states or free states.

Now this may sound generous and fair ; but when, a few years before, Missouri had asked admission as a state, and demanded that she be admitted as a slave state, she had been admitted as such under a bill called the "Missouri Compromise," which said, "You may come in as a slave state ; but hereafter it shall be understood there shall never

again be admitted a slave state north of the line of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$, or west of Missouri.

Now since Kansas and Nebraska were west of Missouri and north of the given line, this Kansas-Nebraska bill was of course in direct contradiction to the Missouri Compromise.

Of course the North was frantic when it saw what this Kansas-Nebraska bill actually meant. But there was nothing to be done. The bill had passed.

"We must fill the states up with emigrants who will make the states free states!" said the Northerners. "That is our only hope, now."

"We must fill the states up with emigrants who will make the states slave states," said the Southerners.

And such a scrambling as there was from North and South into the new states! Meetings were held in all large cities, "emigrant societies" were formed, and the emigrants not only offered free land, but were actually paid for going to take possession of the new lands. It was the same old story over again of the two dogs fighting over the same bone, only that in this struggle principle and human life were at stake.

Is it any wonder, then, that here was the first blood shed in our conflict for freedom for the black men?

The emigrants from the North called the Missouri people

border ruffians ; and the border ruffians called the Northerners Yankees and abolitionists. The Yankees aimed their rifles and the border ruffians flourished their bowie-knives. It was here that John Brown first took his stand and fought for freedom.

It was at this time, when the whole country was wild over the question of slavery, while John Brown was defying "state law," as he said, "in order that the laws of God might be carried out," that Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote her story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"—the book which, perhaps, did more to arouse honest sentiment in behalf of the slaves than all the arguing and quarreling in state and nation could ever have done.

It was at about this time that Oregon and Minnesota came in as states. These, of course, were both free states, and there was the usual quarreling over them. They came in, however, for there could be found no fair reason why they should not, and the North rejoiced that there would be four more "free votes" in the senate.

ANOTHER GOLD FEVER.

WHILE emigrants to California had been swarming over the Rocky Mountains in their wild rush for gold, it seemed never to have occurred to them that there might be gold nearer. Well, at our best we are apt to be sadly of one idea only, and so it is no wonder that these eager searchers passed blindly over gold regions, their longing eyes fixed upon nothing short of the Pacific coast.

At last some one said, "There is gold to be found in Pike's Peak."

It was like a spark to a mow of hay. There was always, in those days, a large class of people ready to start for anywhere and everywhere at the mere mention of gold. Again emigration started up. Off men started for Pike's Peak. Some traveled seven hundred miles on foot ; others started out with all their worldly goods heaped into handcarts into which they themselves were harnessed ; one man, it was said, rolled a wheelbarrow all the way from Kansas City to

Cherry Creek. The covered emigrant wagons again crawled out like flies in the spring time.

Many of these emigrants, rough, jolly-hearted men, painted upon their carts all sorts of comic pictures and sayings illustrative of their journey. One man's motto, "Pike's Peak or Bust," became a national phrase; and even now one occasionally hears it from a man whose determination is aroused, and who means to succeed in his undertaking let come what will.

The same story of the California gold fever was repeated here again. There were those who found gold, and those who failed to find gold; those who came home triumphant, and those who came home crest-fallen. Colorado was in this way settled. Denver, Golden City, and Colorado rapidly grew up; and now, thirty years later, we think of Colorado as one of the old states of the West.

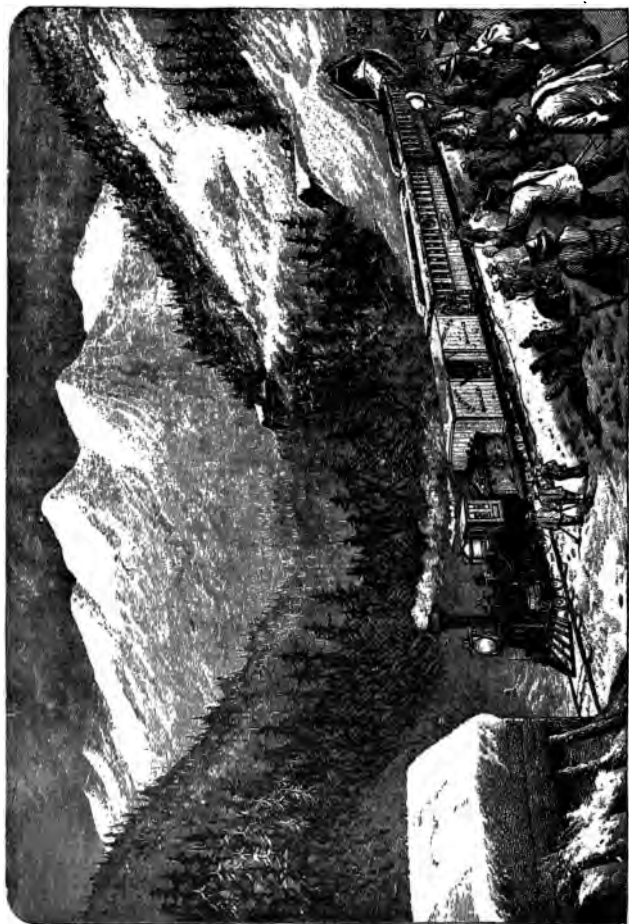


THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

OUT West, by this time, had grown to a place of importance indeed. It was no longer a mysterious land of possibilities. It was no longer doubtful whether or not it would "pay" to go there, or whether or not it would "be safe." People began to realize that the continent had but just been discovered.

Of course, the thing to be considered was a way to get there. Emigrant trains could no longer accommodate the demands. "We must have a railroad,— we must have a railroad!" said the people. "Of course, there must be a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific!"

And so the Pacific Railway was built, and a great event, indeed, it was for our people. When the day came for laying the last tie, there was a grand celebration. This tie was made of the California laurel tree, finished with silver bands. Into this tie were driven a gold nail from California, a silver nail from Nevada, and one of gold, and silver, and iron from Arizona. Then two engines, one of which had come



THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

from California, over the Sierra Nevada mountain range, and another which had come from the great plains of the Northwest, on through the Rocky Mountains, steamed slowly up together, and, 'mid the shouts of the people, the two engineers grasped hands in token of the union of feeling that should hereafter exist between the people of the East and those of the West.

The Indians were the only people who did not rejoice. To them all this advance of civilization meant death. And when you recall how, year after year, ever since the arrival of the Spaniards in the South and the English in the North, they had been steadily pushed farther and farther back, their hunting grounds made into cities, and their fishing waters disturbed by the grinding of mills and factories, you cannot wonder that, jealous and angry, and moreover driven often by hunger and cold, they fell upon the early settlements, destroyed their homes and killed the people.

It is no wonder, then, that the Indians did all they could during the laying of this railway to disturb the workmen and retard the work; it is no wonder that from time to time, both before and after the building of this road, the Indian was ready to attack the white man at every opportunity.

Our government did, to be sure, appoint Indian agents to protect the Indian, and to feed him when he was hungry; but he was often cheated by men who put into their own pockets the money which the country had paid to buy the good-will of the Indians. When the gold mines were discovered in California, twenty-five years ago, the Indians were paid a large sum for the privilege of crossing their lands; and ten years later when the Colorado mines were opened up, another treaty was made of a like kind. But it is said by those who have studied the matter closely, that the Indians seldom got their money fairly, that they were cheated with poor goods, bad food, and miserable blankets; so that when we accuse them of breaking faith with us we must remember that they, perhaps, could tell a story of our lack of honesty with them. And although the attacks of the Indians in war were cowardly, their manner of war blood-thirsty and horrible, they were sometimes met by the white soldiery in a spirit which almost equalled the savage spirit, as in a massacre, known as the "Sand Creek Massacre," where a large party of Indians, who had sued for peace, were gathered together awaiting an answer and unprepared for war, they were set upon by a party of United States soldiers, and all of them slaughtered,

men, women, and children alike. This was a disgrace to our nation that can never be blotted out.

When the building of the Pacific Railway was begun there were eleven thousand painted warriors, of different tribes, who had formed a union against the common enemy. The building of the railway was kept back, the building stock stolen, the mail-stages robbed, the passengers murdered, and the settlers in these regions suffered constantly all the horrors of a savage war.

One of the causes of complaint on the part of the Indians was that the railroad cut through their best hunting grounds, and would scare away their game. But in spite of such complaints the great work must go on. It could not be expected that a few savages should stop the march of civilization, the opening up of the mines of Colorado or Montana, the building of cities on the plains of the Great West. As well might a group of these same savages expect, by standing in its track, to stop the course of the locomotive. The iron monster would simply crush them under its wheels, leaving their mangled bodies for the crows to peck at.

And so the poor Indian had struggled for his life ever since those days so long ago when he so generously received the white men as the children of the sky. And if they are cruel

and treacherous now, we must remember that it is only because they have suffered long years of cruel, treacherous treatment from the white men.

Of the states that have come into the Union in the last few years there is little to be said. They have come in peacefully and orderly, one by one, as fast as they grew to fill the conditions required of a state. The wars, the upheavals, the uprisings of a country may make the interesting part of its history—that part that has wide-awake stories which we all like to read; but we must remember that after all it is in the times of peace that the people of a country are most happy, and that it is then that the country does its real growing and is the most prosperous.



OLD POST STATION ON THE PRAIRIE.

INDIAN LEGENDS.

THE MOSQUITO.

ONCE upon a time a great insect came into Fort Ónondaga. It was a terrible insect, with a long stinger. It lighted upon the people and sucked their blood. The warriors made war upon the insect, but could not kill it. No chief, no youth, was able to overcome it.

At last, when all were in despair, the "Holder of the Heavens," was pleased to visit the people. While dwelling in the home of the chief, the "Holder of the Heavens" saw the troublesome insect.

Hearing from the chief that none had yet been able to overcome this ungracious visitor, the "Holder of the Heavens" said, "Behold, I myself will follow him, and he shall fall before me!"

Accordingly he set forth, following hard upon the fast flying insect. So rapidly did it flee, that even the "Holder of the Heavens" could scarce keep pace with it.

Day after day the chase went on. By and by the insect's strength began to fail. On, on, the hunter went, chasing it on to the borders of the great lakes toward the setting sun.

At last the insect was overtaken. Upon the shores of the salt Lake Onondaga it fell pierced with the arrow of the hunter. But woe to the tribes upon the lake! from its blood sprang swarms of mosquitos which ever after infested the country round about.

THE LYNX AND THE HARE.

A lynx, almost starved, met a hare one day in the woods. The hare stood high upon a rock out of the reach of the lynx.

"Wabose! Wabose!" said the lynx, "Come here, my pretty little white Wabose, and let us have a pleasant talk."

"No, no," said the hare; "my mother does not like me to talk with strangers."

"You are very pretty," replied the lynx; and I like so much your obedience to your mother; but I am a cousin of yours, my dear, and I wish to send a message to your mother. So come down, my pretty hare, and let me whisper it to you."

The silly hare, losing her wisdom by the flattery of the lynx, sprang down from the safe place upon which she stood.

Alas ! alas ! her kinsman proved to be her enemy. Immediately she pounced upon the hare, killed and devoured her.



THE EAGLE.

Indians are very fond of decorating themselves with eagle feathers. The origin of this custom is as follows :—

The birds of the forest met together one day to see which could fly the highest. Some flew very high, but soon were tired out ; others flew steadily and for a long time, but could only fly along the hill-tops.

Now it came the eagle's turn to fly. A little linnet, unperceived, hid among the feathers of the eagle, and was carried high in air. When the eagle had risen high above

the clouds and was about to descend, the linnet sprang forth, and, fresh and unwearied, shot up into the air high above the eagle.

When the birds had all come down, and had met in council to award the prize, the wicked little linnet claimed it, "Because," said she, "I flew the highest ; I sang above the clouds."

"Deceit ! deceit ! deceit !" cried all the birds. "The eagle shall have it ! the eagle shall have it ! He went higher than any other large bird, and he carried, too, the weight of the linnet."

Hence, the feathers of the eagle are esteemed the most honorable marks for the warrior, because it is not only considered the bravest bird, but it is also endowed with strength to soar the highest.

IAGOO, THE INDIAN STORY-TELLER.

Iagoo was the wonderful story-teller of the Indians. No one of the Indian manitos was so welcome and so interesting as Iagoo.

In Longfellow's "Hiawatha" he tells us that —

Very boastful was Iagoo;
Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater;
Never any deed of daring,
But himself had done a bolder;
Never any marvelous story,
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,
Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he had;
Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he could,
None could dive so deep as he could,
None could swim so far as he could;
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvellous story-teller.



THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.—ITS DISCOVERY AND FOUNDING.

BY M. LIZZIE STANLEY.

(Let five groups of scholars advance, one at the head of each group bearing a standard or wearing a badge with the words respectively Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin upon them.)

Voice.

Beyond Ohio's river-bank
There stands a group of sister States,
Which high in wealth and greatness rank,
And blessed by all the kindly Fates.
Stand forth ye States, your story tell,
And proudly let your voices swell,
For ye are grand, your story grand,
And large your place in our broad land!

Groups recite together.

God uncovered the land
That he hid of old time in the West,
As the sculpture uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best.

Leaders.

We represent the great North-west,
And bide with thee a willing guest.
Arabian tales in interest pall
Beside our story, know ye all.

Scholars from groups recite.

First.

(Pointing out the location on the map of the United States as he speaks.) We are what was once called the Northwest Territory. Our home lies between the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers, and by the side of the waters of the Great Lakes. Any description of our country with its beautiful and varied scenery must fall far short of the reality. Its resources are great, and its population large. Waving fields and forests cover the earth, while beneath it lie exhaustless stores of coal, iron, salt, and copper.

Second. Over the lakes, the great, broad lakes,
Where now the din of commerce wakes,
Once sped the Indian's birch canoe,
Upon the waters deep and blue.
The red man roamed along the shore,
Where now his hut is seen no more.

Third. Unto St. Lawrence River came
A brave man, Cartier by name,
In fifteen hundred thirty-four,
And thus to New France ope'd the door.

Fourth. One century later now behold,
And settled there see Champlain, bold,
With his French Colony so small,
A hundred almost counted all.

Fifth.

The interior of the continent was yet to be explored, and Champlain was resolved to know more of the regions beyond. The custom of Champlain was to select a number of young men, and put them in the care of his Indian friends, to have them trained to the life of the woods. The object was for them to learn the language, habits, and customs of the savages, that they might at some future time serve as interpreters, and bring into friendship the Indian nations not yet in alliance with the French. In 1618, John Nicolet (Nick-o-lay) arrived from France, and was despatched to the life of the woods.

Sixth.

John Nicolet was born in Cherbourg, in Normandy. His father was Thomas Nicolet, a mail-carrier from that city to Paris. He was a young man of good character, and gave promise of great usefulness.

Seventh.

For nine or ten years Nicolet remained among the savage tribes, and returned to Quebec, having gained a remarkable adaptation to Indian life.

Eighth.

Lake Superior and Lake Michigan had not at that time been discovered, but reports came of a great sea to the west, and the French settlers upon the St. Lawrence thought this "great water" must be a western sea leading to Asia. In 1634, Champlain sent Nicolet to solve this problem of a near route to China, with the double purpose of exploring the unknown West, and establishing friendly relations with the various tribes.

Ninth.

And would ye follow Nicolet,
As down the lakes he takes his way? —
As in his birchen bark canoe,
He sails the Straits of Mary through?
Skirts Lake Huron's far northward shore
Glides Michigan's blue waters o'er,
Until at length his footsteps rest
Upon the soil of the North-west?

Tenth.

Nicolet was the first white man to set foot upon any portion of what was, more than a century and a half after, called "The Territory northwest of the River Ohio, now called the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin."

Eleventh.

Now tribes of Indians there he found,
Whose names to our ears strangely sound,
And for his France he makes them friends,
Ere on his homeward way he wends.

Twelfth.

How Champlain's heart doth in him burn
To hear on Nicolet's return,
Of wide-spread lakes, of rivers new,
And many tribes of Indians, too!

Thirteenth.

The zeal and humanity of Nicolet cost him his life, for he was on his way to release an Indian prisoner, whom his captors were slowly torturing, when in a terrible tempest on the St. Lawrence the boat was capsized, and he was drowned in October of 1642.

Fourteenth.

Nicolet's discoveries, although not immediately followed up, caused finally great results. He had unlocked the door to the Far West where afterwards were seen traders in fur, voyagers, and the Jesuit missionary. New France was extended to the Mississippi and beyond, yet Nicolet did not live to see the progress of French trade and conquest in the land of his discovery.

Voice. The year swept on with ceaseless rush,
And broken is the old time hush
That hung o'er forest, lake and plain,
By busy sounds and glad refrain.
Retire, and bring a later day,
For which discovery paved the way.

(Groups retire with the exception of the leaders, and a new line of six advance and join them.)

Together. We, too, would speak of the North-west,
And of its history tell the rest,
And how in seventeen eighty-eight
'Twas founded by the good and great.

Scholar recites or reads.

Just pause a moment while I picture the years between. For long, long years, England and France contended for the North-west Territory. Picture to yourself the lines of little forts stretching along the Ohio, and down the Mississippi, by which the French held the interior of the continent. The English then owned the strip along the Atlantic coast from Nova Scotia to Florida. About the middle of the eighteenth century, the English prepared to extend their commerce and trade inland. The French told them to stop at the Alleghany Mountains; beyond was theirs. The proud English spirit, however, overleaped all barriers, and the result was the French and Indian War. England was victorious and the French retired. Afterward the Americans took it from the English, and then the pioneers first came to this territory.

Question.—Where and when was the first settlement made in the North-west?

First.—The first permanent settlement was at Marietta, Ohio, and the company was led by Rufus Putnam, April 7, 1788.

Question.—Who was Rufus Putnam?

Second.—He was born in Sutton, Massachusetts, April 9, 1730. He was a relative of Israel Putnam, and the originator, leader, and guide of the Ohio settlement. He had great genius as an engineer, which was displayed in the War of the Revolution.

Question.—Where were the settlers from?

Third.—Massachusetts, Virginia, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island were represented by the pioneers, and brave and noble men and women were among them.

Question.—Was it a good time to lay the foundation of the North-west?

Fourth.—No better time could have been. The Ordinance of 1787 had recently been passed, excluding slavery from the territory, and this Ordinance has been called the glory of the North-west.

Fifth.

Behold now the North-west hath grown,
As one by one the years hath flown!
Thus founded by a noble band,
To-day 'tis mighty in the land.

Sixth

It was remarked by Hon. George F. Hoar in his oration at the celebration of the Centennial of the founding of the Northwest at Marietta, Ohio, in April 7, 1888: "Here was the first human government under which absolute civil and religious liberty has always prevailed. Here no witch was ever hanged or burned. Here no slave was ever born or dwelt." When older states and nations, where the chains of human bondage have been broken, shall utter the proud boast "With a great sum obtained I this freedom," each sister of this imperial group—Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin—may lift her queenly head with the prouder answer, "But I was free born."

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